



The Eternal Triangle
Painted by Harrison Fisher

COPYRIGHT 1915, BY THE STAR CO.

AMERICAN SUNDAY
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
December 5, 1915

Boston American
Section

Hello Boys! Join in the Fun!



ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

With Erector, you can build strong models that are regular "giants"—bridges 21 feet long, skyscrapers 8 feet high.

There's a lot of fun in building these big Erector models; they're not flimsy and weak like the models built with flat strips. Notice the square columns of this model—Erector is the only construction toy which has girders with interlocking edges that build square columns like real structural steel.

There's no end to the models—both large and small—that you can build. Skyscrapers with running elevators, bridges with third rail cars, machine shops, saw mills, battleships, aeroplanes, derricks and hundreds of others. The electric motor, free with most sets, runs many of the models.

Free Boys' Magazine and Book

I want to give every boy a free 3 months' subscription to my boys' magazine, *Tips*, including the holiday issue in colors, full of stories and photographs.

Read the absorbing story, "How I Invented Erector," and the special articles telling of my experiences as a World's Champion Athlete. *Tips* also gives full details of my \$5000 prize offer of automobile, motorcycles, tents, canoes and other valuable prizes.

If you write today for the three months' subscription I'll also include a free copy of my new 24-page illustrated book. Don't send any money or stamps. I want to present all this to you absolutely free!

Be sure you get Erector for Christmas. Insist on Erector. Dealers everywhere sell it, \$1 to \$25 per set. Ask to see the popular No. 4 set for \$5.

A. C. GILBERT, President, THE MYSTO MFG. CO., 125 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.

Mail
This
Coupon



A. C. Gilbert, Pres.
The Mysto Mfg. Co.
125 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.

Please send me, without a penny of charge, three issues of *Erector Tips*, and your 24-page illustrated book.

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer is _____

Julia Marlowe
Says: "Beauty
demands
most of all, pure
soap and water."



"Thousands of girls
are daily ruining
their complexions
with cosmetics; they
need the gospel of
pure soap and water
very badly."

In childhood the skin is naturally soft and clear, and it only needs a little care to keep it so. Many complexions which otherwise would retain this childhood beauty through later years, are spoiled by clogging the pores with cosmetics or by using inferior soap.

These delicate little pores are the very life of the skin—they must be left free to do their work. Keep them clean—really clean—with plenty of warm water and PEARS' SOAP and you will have no need for cosmetics.

Pears' Soap

is pure—not almost pure—but absolutely the purest and best soap known to the art of soap making. It cleanses thoroughly and promotes a natural, clear, healthy condition of the skin which is so much admired in all ages.

Pears' is a real luxury, and yet the most economical soap you can use—its cost is so small and it lasts so much longer than ordinary soap.

Note our Special Sample offer below:

Pears' Unscented Soap is sold at 15c a cake by druggists, high-grade grocers, etc., either by the single cake or in boxes of one dozen.

Pears' Glycerine Soap (slightly perfumed) is sold at 20c a cake, either by the single cake or packed three cakes to the box.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world.

Sample Offer—for a generous trial-size cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps, to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 422-B Canal Street, New York City.

LU DEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

"GIVE
QUICK
RELIEF"



Be Health-
wise—Guard
Yourself Against
Coughs and Colds with

LU DEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Give quick relief; aid the voice.
Luden's have many uses. Recognized for purity. No narcotics, no coloring matter. In the "yellow box" 5c

WM. H. LUDEN, Manufacturing Confectioner READING, PA.

THE man and the woman stood face to face. The room was lit by firelight and through her thick veil she could not see that he was looking past her.

The servant crossed to turn the switch that controlled the lights, but she stopped him with a quick little gasp. "No—please, no—just the firelight. Do you mind?"

The servant wondered how she knew the switch was in that part of the room as he withdrew, leaving them together.

"Sit down," said the woman when they were alone. "We must go through this very quietly. You have my note?"

"Yes. It came this morning. I know it by heart."

She trembled violently at the sound of his voice and crushing her hands together drew nearer the fire. He waited, sitting motionless, while she recovered her composure.

"You don't understand it, of course," she said at last. "I have come to explain. But I wanted to warn you—a little. And my veil—I know it seems cruel that I keep it on—but I meant it. You must not think I have come back. I have not, until—until I'm sure."

"Sure of what?" she whispered hoarsely after a pause.

"Gertrude!" the cry and the spasm upon his face told of his torture.

"Don't—don't!" she drew back quickly clutching at her veil. "You must wait. There is so much to tell you. Wait, you can't dream! . . . Tell me what I wrote you."

"You will be amazed to see this handwriting. But it does not mean I have come back. I must see you first. I will come this afternoon," he recited, mechanically.

"Yes," she nodded. "I did not sign it in case it should fall into other hands."

"No, you did not sign it," he repeated.

"My poor boy," she watched him, her voice dropping from its strained pitch for a moment into deep tenderness. "This all must seem so heartless! But there is no other way. Trust me, Dick, and believe me—every word."

"I believe you."

Again she trembled uncontrollably and after another silence proceeded once more.

"First we must go back to that last night. Recall it all. Tell me—tell me just how I looked when you last saw me—four years ago."

He seemed to brace himself with his hands pressed hard to the arms of his chair.

"You were standing with me near the deck rail. The ship had listed terribly. I had my arm about you, and your head was laid against my breast. Your long thick braids were tumbling over your shoulder, over my arm. Your eyes were wide, and brave and bright, though your face was deadly pale. I had often thought you beautiful—who could help it?—but never had I seen the fullness of your beauty until then," he spoke slowly. "The memory of it has lived with me constantly these four years I thought you dead. . . . Gertrude."

"God help us!" she whispered and swallowed hard.

"Then came the explosion, and for a moment I knew nothing more."

"And I was not there to help you!"

They sat without speaking for a while, then she gathered herself together and proceeded in a calm, hard voice.

"I, too, lost consciousness, but not for long. The next thing I knew I was being pulled out of the water into a boat. I thought it was you who held me up, and when I saw it was not I tried to jump overboard again, crying, 'My husband—I must save my husband!' The man who had drawn me into the boat held me with all his strength and talked to me, continuously. I do not know what he said, but after a while his voice hypnotized me. I fell into a sort of stupor in which I dreamed it was you. When I regained full consciousness I found myself lying in the bottom of the boat with the sun beating down upon me and great deep blue mountains of water rising and falling beyond the gunwales. There were two men with me. One was evidently a sailor from the steamer. He had a blood-stained bandage across his forehead and left eye. He was lying at the bottom of the boat too, farther forward; and facing me, on a cross-seat near the stern, was a man I recognized as one of the passengers. You and I had noticed him because he was so huge and silent."

"I remember."

"He was rowing. His head was bare. He had on a finely pleated white dress-shirt—collarless—and black trousers. His skin seemed almost coffee-colored against the blue sky as I looked up at him. Then, some-

THE CROWN

By Josephine A. Meyer

This tale has no moral; it is merely the story of a miracle so common that we have ceased to notice it. Day after day maids marry and sacrifice their beauty in toil and suffering for their beloved, and the crown of their happiness is that he does not see.

Now, for the moment I forgot to be afraid of anything in the world but him as he bent forward and back so steadily over the oars. He glanced down and saw my eyes were open and a look came into his face that made me feel ashamed I had been afraid. It was all gentleness, kindness—and, how can I express it?—protecting and sane. Said there in that open boat on the empty, heaving sea! "Good morning," he smiled, "we have a beautiful day and a splendid chance of being picked up by some of our friends before night." He knew, even while he said it, that we did not have a chance in a thousand.

We were afloat three days. There were biscuits and water in the boat. I hardly knew of anything that was happening at the time except that I was thirsty and they gave me much too little to drink. I lay in a stupor most of the time, and if I moved, I became horribly seasick.

"On the morning of the third day they sighted land where they had been looking for smoke or a sail, and by evening were in the smooth waters of a lagoon. It was growing dark when they beached the boat. Through all my illness I remember seeing the sailor jump and shout and sob out loud like a little child, for joy when his foot touched the earth. That was the last I ever saw of him. He had been hurt in the explosion that separated us, and the sun and the rough, savage life of the island finished him. He was stricken with the fever that must have seized me then, and one night in a delirium he waded far out into the lagoon and was drowned. It struck me as curious how the sea had forced him back into her jaws after all. . . ."

"For about two months I lay raving and

burning with fever. It seemed to me to be an eternity. The strange trees bothered me, and the hard earth tormented my body. . . . I had queer hallucinations—that I was dead but the spark of my soul was living still, and searching for you. I cried for you continually, and sometimes it seemed to me you came for a moment or two and held me in your arms, but you always left me lonelier for that brief happiness. . . ."

"Then one night I woke out of a sleep to see the big gold tropical moon rising over the lagoon, and sitting near me, a man with his arms folded on the tops of his knees and his face hidden in them. I called you again, softly, and he turned. It was a strange, bearded face I had never seen. . . ."

"He came over quickly and laid his hand on my forehead and took my pulse—and I smiled. It seemed such a whimsical mixture of reality and fancy. Of course, I was sure that the tropical moon was a dream and that I was home, safe in my own bed, and that you were in the next room and this was the doctor."

"I suppose I've been very ill," I said. "Without warning, he turned from me and burst into tears."

"The days brought back to me life and strength. Gradually I came to realize that this was the world, and the big Doctor was its only other inhabitant. Then I began to take note of all he had done, single-handed and fearfully handicapped. He had built a little shack and thatched it with grasses; he had hunted and fished and made rude instruments—knives of sharpened stones, and fish-lines of braided grasses, and sharp-pointed throw-sticks and bows and arrows, and all the while he had watched and nursed me. And yet, at times, he would blame

himself for the death of that poor man sailor who had caught him off his guard.

"At first we hardly spoke together, but when I grew stronger, I used to sleep through the hot hours of the day and at nightfall he would come and share his day's hunting with me for supper, and then we talked and talked. I came to look forward to those hours when he would sit beside me, weaving long grasses in the moonlight; his hands were always busy."

"So we got to know each other well. He was a doctor, back in the world. I had rightly guessed by his professional touch. He had, however, given up practice since the death of rich relatives made it unnecessary. He had been traveling before settling down to research work, his life's dream. He confided his ambitions to me as a boy confides in his older sister. Yes, when he spoke of his air-castles he seemed young, that glorious, adventuresome youthfulness that can conquer the world. At all other times he was aged older than I, stronger and full of practical knowledge. Above all, my impression of his superb sanity deepened as the days went on."

"My health came back slowly at first but, once established, seemed to know no bounds. The open world gave me a new constitution, new arms, new legs, new eyes. I learned to run and swim and climb and throw the little throw-sticks with great precision. At the end of a year I was as hardened as a boy and as keen for life and exercise. And I might have been a boy. He let me, no, he expected me to be able to do almost anything he did without his help. His tenderness vanished with the last sign of my illness. We set up rival butts, and he refused to aid me with mine and laughed at my failures and stung my pride, and oh, I liked him for it!"

"During the day we were too busy to see each other, but in the evenings we would sup together and talk. I would talk always of you—I would not and could not conceive you dead—and he talked of his plans and theories. Then one of us would say casually, 'Well, good-night,' and tramp off without ceremony to his hut."

"And every day we looked for a boat, but none passed."

"Almost two years went by like this. If I had feared him, that fear had completely vanished. From the start he seemed to have held in my love for you, a magic circle that charmed us both and kept us far apart. . . . When the change came over him, so sure had I become of his attitude, that I did not recognize it. In his forced laughter and secretive manner I detected only the hiding of some physical hurt. When I charged him with illness he showed a cut on his hand, nothing of any consequence, and I laughed at it, as he had so often laughed at me when I made much of some little injury. As I laughed with my hand on his wrist, he raised his eyes and looked at me—not squarely as was his wont, but with an odd, shifting glance that startled me. I pretended not to notice anything unusual, and tried to derive myself from believing it was all my imagination. But the next day, when I went up to the pool for water I leaned over and saw myself as I had not seen myself for nearly two years."

"That wonderful outdoor life had added to me something I had never possessed at my best. I knew my hair had grown and now I saw it reflected darkly in the water, a shine on it like gold. My cheeks were fuller and flushed under their brown, my eyes were wide and very bright. Ah, I had never lost the thought that I would see you again, and a wild thrill of joy shot through me that I should come back to you like this—new-made!"

"That evening in the low slant of the sun, I met the Doctor and I saw the look again, less furtive than before. . . . She paused and he stirred a little in his chair, his fingers pressed tightly to the arms. But he did not speak, and she went on, her voice lowered a bit and rich with emotion. "Do you remember, Dick, my boast that love is eternal and that we had found it? And that night, before our wedding, that compact—that ours should never be strained nor chained nor soiled by fear?"

He nodded and made a dry noise in his throat.

"That was my first thought. I knew you would understand everything. I knew I was free. It was not some dry duty, some cowardly dread of your anger or the rank, ignorant gossip of the world that held me. It was that freedom. I was strong in the knowledge that the choice lay within me, a strength augmented, perhaps, by the self-reliance he, himself, had taught me. I was not afraid."

"Soon he gave up all thought of masking the look in his eyes, and one night he spoke."

FOR THE OFFICE

FOR THE PICNIC

FOR THE TABLE

FOR THE OLD FOLKS

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE problem of the selection of the handsomest and most useful Christmas gift is happily solved by

THERMOS

Serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when, where and as you like.

Every member of the family, every one on his list of friendship, from infancy to old age—either in the hours spent at or away from home—have innumerable daily uses for Thermos.

Thermos brings to them in the hot summer months all the comforts produced by ice, and in the cold winter season all the joys to be obtained by fire.

In buying Thermos for "him" or "her" as your Christmas gift, you are selecting the invention honored with the Grand Prize by the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and by like Expositions at Berlin, Antwerp, Madrid, Seattle, Vienna and London.

Thermos in great assortment awaits you at any one of 100,000 dealers. If you live in the country ask that it be sent postpaid. From \$7.00 up. Send for booklet.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
NORWICH, CONN.

He had fought as long as he could but now he saw there was not only no use but no reason to continue. He spoke passionately, and I listened very quietly; then appealing to that love he professed, I answered, I redrew that magic circle with more potent enchantments. My heart, I told him, was all with you, alive or dead. My sincerity found temporary response in his great nobility of soul. "I know, I know," he said. "But can't you see how empty, how meaningless all that is here?" But he left me, bowed and broken, and that cry of his was in my ears constantly, and the look of him. At first I had been filled merely with aversion, but now pity crept in and dominated me, pity that had a strange power over fear. He seemed at times like a little child one disciples, and who cannot understand, and for a whole month things went on like this. . . . Daily I searched the sea for the sign of a ship and nightly I prayed to a God that seemed to slip further and further away from us both with the cruel and heedless people of the world over which He reigned.

She was plucking at her hands now, and speaking with gasping sobs in her voice. So she waited a minute to steady herself, rose and walked around the room and at last came back to her chair. When she was seated again he spoke, in almost a whisper, "Must you go on?"

"Yes, I shall be as quick as I can. . . . Death would have solved everything—suicide or murder. But on an island where there are but two living beings, there are no standards but the standard of life. Its destruction there seems the wickedest crime in the world. We think that is true here, it seems the primal law—but it was not till I saw our conventions melt and shift out there in that unremitting blaze of necessity that I realized how our civilization has refined and complicated the Decalogue itself. There I knew I could not die and leave him alone because the thought of being alone brought madness to me."

"And perhaps he was right, and we were to live out the rest of our lives together. When I thought how I lay in my power to give and save, the idea that I had been about to slay became unutterably horrible to me. It was then I saw the face of tyrannical cowardice, alone, holding me back. Once in the revolution against myself I rose to seek him and surrender, and then you came between us, and I knew I could never give in. I was a knight in armor and must fall in battle, backed against a wall. I learned that way that one can never choose with clear eyes unless the will is free, and that the mind is constantly forging fetters for our will, theories, doctrines of virtue, reasons. Reason could not save me, I would become wearied and distracted under my own speculations. Only the thought of you had the power of sunlight in a dark room. I loved you; I could not wrong you, except in will. . . . And then, oh, God pity me!" she sobbed out suddenly, "what did I do?"

"Please!" he whispered tenderly. "No—listen. I have talked so much, trying to make you understand! It is not too clear myself. If I had been ignorant there would have been no sin. . . ."

"I was looking for a ship when my foot slipped on the rocks. The pain of twisted ankle brought back to me the memory of those days the Doctor had cared for me with such pure-hearted tenderness. I dragged myself painfully to my hut. I had caught a fish and prepared to cook this over my little red fire for my supper. We no longer ate together, now."

"Suddenly I heard the raucous sound of heavy breathing behind me, and the crackling of bushes. I thought of my injured foot. The time had come."

She stood up now rigidly in front of him, and spoke breathlessly.

"I did not stop to look, I did not stop to think. Like a flash the inspiration had come to me and I took it—God forgive me!—as a gift from heaven. I swept aside the clumsy cooking things and, as you would place your head upon a pillow, I laid my face upon that glowing bed of fire."

"No!" cried the man, starting forward.

"No!—oh, God!—no!—no!"

She raised her shaking hand to her veil, but let it fall again.

"I cannot stop you yet," she whispered huskily. "Oh, let me finish first. . . ."

"I heard him shriek and felt his hot me violently away. But the touch of his hand before I lost consciousness, told me that the old Doctor had come back."

time after. I plucked up the courage to look in the pool. All that night I wept in shame and sorrow for my wickedness."

"Yet, in the dimness of that pool I could not know the full extent of the wrong I had committed. A year later I was to see it all. That was the day we were rescued. We launched our boat and rowed out, taking turns at the oars, to the steamer we had sighted that morning from our look-out. They caught sight of that pleated white shirt we had floating in the bow, and when we saw her dip her colors to it we were both crying openly. Then as we drew closer, the Doctor suddenly stopped rowing and, leaning forward, took my hands in his."

"Perhaps we were just fools," he said, "or perhaps it is that you have changed me from a beast into something that has a spark of God inside. We shall never know. At least I have lived."

"Then he gave me the oars, saying he was tired, and I took them, suspecting nothing in my excitement—even when I saw the look in his eyes. . . . I screamed when I heard the splash, and tried to row back to save him, and presently a boat that had been lowered from the steamer came to my aid. But he was gone."

"They took me on board the boat and into a cabin, and all that I had seen of repulsion on their faces, all I had guessed at in the darkness of the pool had not prepared me for what I beheld when I went straight to the mirror over the wash-stand and looked in. . . ."

She rose and crossed to the electric switch and stood there hesitating. But he did not speak.

"Are you ready?" she asked in a scarcely audible voice. "Remember I have only come back to find out if I am to stay. I shall know by the look on your face, my poor Dick. You cannot control it beyond what I am looking to see. But—oh, please, please think first of the very worst you can imagine, and then—if I must go away, pretend this was only a horrible dream, and think of me always as you saw me that night the boat went down."

He did not turn when she switched on the light. She saw he was sitting back in his chair, his hands for the first time relaxed, a curious soft smile on his face. She

was standing a little behind him and she remained there a moment, breathing hard. Then with quick desperation, she threw back her veil and went toward him.

He stood up with his arms out to her, and his glance, pitched over her shoulder into unfathomable darkness.

"Dick!—Dick!—Dick!" she cried in a stifled voice.

"It was in that same explosion, dearest beloved," he folded his arms about her and drew her very close, "the good God struck me blind."

This tale has no moral: it is merely the story of a miracle so common that we have ceased to notice it. Day after day maids marry and sacrifice their beauty to toil and suffering for their beloved, and the crown of their happiness is that he does not see.

Making Over Europe

THE extraordinary fracas that by common consent we are coming to refer to as the "Great War" is a wonderful helper of certain industries, even while it injures or demolishes others. And some of the benefited industries lie in regions far afield from the manufacture of warlike commodities.

As an illustration, take the matter of map making. Here we have an industry which in times of peace, by comparison, tends to stagnate. A condition of governmental status such as that which has obtained in Europe for the past forty years must be from the map-maker's standpoint downright disheartening. Thanks to the amiable relations of the nations, a map of 1880 might serve almost as well as one of 1910. In the meantime, to be sure, the development of the automobile has given a new field to the map-maker, and caused him to transfer his efforts from the delineation of national boundaries to that of local roads. But even this cannot quite have compensated him for the extent to which old plates, long since paid for, might serve the purpose of the publishers in getting out successive editions of atlases and travel guides.

Now, however, comes the big war, with its armies scattered all over Europe, to be reported on day by day, making it necessary for newspapers and other periodicals to have

an endless series of maps; and comes, also, the prospect that national boundaries will be beautifully redistributed when the war is over, so that every map made prior to 1910—or whatever the date may be—will become obsolete, and the plates from which it was printed of no more value than so much old metal.

Wherefore these are good days for the map-makers, and better days are in prospect. You will find them working full-time, or overtime, at the various departments of their art—some tracing with delicate cutting tools on wax surfaces and others on surfaces of copper; some making color plates on zinc, and others dealing with photographic processes or electrolytic equipments or printing-presses. All are busy; and if ostensibly they are supposed to view the European conflict as neutrals—as all good Americans were invoked to do, and as no intelligent American really does—at least they may be excused for hoping that the outcome of the conflict will be such as to shift the national boundary lines about a good deal.

Heat from the Stars

SOME really remarkable measurements of the heat, or rather of the total energy, given out by the stars have recently been made by Dr. W. W. Coblentz.

Measuring the heat of stars is not an absolutely new achievement, but the apparatus used by Dr. Coblentz is much more delicate than any hitherto made, and his results are correspondingly interesting.

When we are told that if all the heat that comes from the Pole Star were to fall on a single square centimeter of the earth's surface, it would be necessary to accumulate this heat for a million years in order to raise one gram of water one degree centigrade (a feat accomplished by ordinary sunlight in about one minute), it becomes clear that an instrument capable of measuring such radiations is a very delicate apparatus indeed. A tangible measure of its delicacy may be gained from the statement that the instrument is theoretically capable of detecting the heat of a candle placed at a distance of fifty-three miles. As further illustrating the sensitiveness of the apparatus, it is noted that when the observer wished to test the radiation from the planet Venus, it was necessary to dull the receptiveness of the instrument, so to speak, by the use of a resistance coil, as otherwise the galvanometer deflection would run clear off the scale.

The apparatus itself consists essentially of a so-called thermo-pile, composed of successive elements of bismuth and platinum. The receiver at the junction of each thermo-couple is about as large as the period at the end of this sentence. The infinitesimal amount of heat absorbed by this receiver warms the thermojunction a few hundred-thousandths of a degree, and thus generates an electric current which passes through the coils of a miniature tangent galvanometer. This galvanometer, we are told, is so sensitive that it responds to a current of less than one ten-billionths of an ampere, enabling the observer to note the heat effect of a star in four or five seconds. It is necessary to embed the magnetic apparatus in connection with this galvanometer in a large iron shield, to protect it from the influence of passing street cars, etc.

One interesting result of the observations goes to show that red stars uniformly give out a greater amount of radiation than blue stars. The latter are believed by the astronomers to be actually hotter than their deeper-colored companions, but they are cooling off less rapidly. It is estimated that "the total radiation from all the stars which at any moment could fall upon a square centimeter of the earth's surface is so small that it would have to be absorbed and conserved continuously for a period of one hundred or two hundred years in order to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade."

OUR COVER PICTURE

is as used by Mr. Harrison Fisher and is entitled "The Eternal Triangle."

In order that our readers may secure a copy of this picture free from all printed matter and suitable for framing, we have reserved a limited number on a superior grade of potted paper without any advertising whatsoever. The picture measures 16x22 inches, and all you have to do is to send 25 cents and a copy will be sent you, postpaid, with our guarantee of safe delivery. (For foreign orders remit to cents additional to cover the cost of registration.)

We will have on hand copies of the July, August, September, October and November pictures, uniform with the above, which may be procured while the last at the same price of 25 cents each. Address orders to

Room 153
PRINT DEPARTMENT
AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE
119 West 40th Street New York City

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

\$1.00



The
Gift
of
Gifts

Gem Damaskeene Razor outfit includes razor complete, with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handles—all in genuine morocco case.

OUR experience—has made experimenting with razors a thing of the past for the man who is using a GEM.

Leading dealers everywhere sell the GEM—no wire dealer would offer a substitute.

Gem Cutlery Co., Inc., New York
Canadian Branch: 391 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

The Best Safety

AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY THE SEAR CO. COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN

FANTEE

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by T.D. Skidmore

HILLIS is a legend in Africa now, like Chaka, and Cetewayo, and Mahinoud Ahmed the Mahdi, and Livingston Bey.

And he is a legend in Harvard, too, which is more remarkable, for in Africa one has time to think. Men die, men are born, but Africa is always a great bay where human vessels are at anchor. Harvard is a river down which they come from the source to the sea, and a man's name must be written on the wall of history in gigantic, flaming letters to be remembered. In Harvard they recollect him as a man with a big brain and a big body, who unaccountably dropped out of life for five years and just as unaccountably reappeared and took it up again, and of whom great things are expected. Harvard men are not likely to discuss his future with you. There is too much to discuss in his past. They will describe him to you as a short, blond man, with blue eyes and the shoulders of a gorilla. They will be surprised if you do not remember that he was the heavyweight champion boxer of America for four years, and could be it yet if he wanted to. They will tell you of his left lead that whipped in and out like the flicker of a cat's paw, and of his right-hand drive, that crashed across with the speed and power of a thunderbolt. And then, with a species of smiling awe, they will tell you about his brain, and wonder to themselves how, with his magnificent athletic record, John Hillis could have taken passionate interest in so dry-as-dust a thing as economics—an interest that gave the law of diminishing returns the vivid quality of a fiction story, and made socialism of the chair for him as solemn a thing as religion. They think over their eternal problem—where was he for those five years? and

they add another to it—how is it that so rabid a radical as he had shown himself to be in his Harvard days could now edit a big economic review with the sanity and conservative quality of a Bastable or a Marsh?

It was only on account of a deep fondness for his son, and an abiding trust in Providence, that David Hillis kept his son at Harvard. David Hillis' cotton mills hum in New Bedford, and rear themselves in acres of squat workmanlike bulk in Fall River. David Hillis' face is broad and ruddy, and it has a kindly smile on it. People say that he smiles as easily as he does because every man in his employ, from the efficiency engineer to the youngest weaver in his plants, is getting a square deal and knows it.

When John Hillis came to his father and told him that he intended to take up the economics course at the university, the manufacturer glowed with pride.

"If we had less interest in making money," he said solemnly to the boy, "and more interest in industrial fairness, it would be better for the nation, and better for the citizen. I am glad you are thinking that way, son."

But when, three years afterward, John Hillis came to him with the proposal that he should turn his interests in a vast Utopian scheme, in which the humblest worker should receive as much profit as the owner, and which should inaugurate a millennium of liberty, equality, and fraternity, the manufacturer was startled to the depths of his being.

"The system you have now is barbarous, effete, immoral," he stormed at his father. "What right have you to the profits of another man's labor? Are you, basically, as a God made you any bigger a man than the least-paid carder on the plant?"

"I am," said his father quietly, and he proceeded to tell him of his respon-

"It's like the 'Arabian Nights'!" said Margaret Travers, his leading woman.

sibility to the workmen, of his care over them, of his answering for their welfare to the state and to humanity, of his representing them in the up-keep of the nation.

"Bah!" replied his son. There was the suspicion of a sneer on the lad's face, "that was what the slave-keeper said before the Civil War."

Many virtues went to the making up of David Hillis, not the least of which was patience. For two years longer he withstood his son's cyclonic attacks with ramparts of sound philosophy and sound facts, but he wore a little under the strain of it. Surprisingly he consulted Masters at Harvard, that calm-faced economist whom Hillis junior rated at as the Evangelist of Mammon.

"I'm sorry for your son," said Masters, "for some of these days he is going to be disillusioned, and disillusionment is always very hard."

But John Hillis saw no disillusionment ahead of him. When he left Harvard, he went to his father with a smile on his face, and his eyes shining with the light of enthusiasm.

"I am going out into the world," he said, "to preach to the people crucified. I am not going to take a penny from you. I am going to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, as the next man does."

"Very well," said his father. "It will make you or break you. Come back when you've had enough."

Followed a year of heart-breaking trials and disillusion. The extremist leaders in New York, to whom he presented himself as a recruit, looked upon him with ill-favor and suspicion. They seemed to suspect some deep intrigue in his presence, some diabolically clever plot on the part of capital to corrupt labor through the magnetism of this passionate-speaking young man.

"I'll tell you what," said McCann, the Irish strike-



Copyright 1913, by The Sear Co.

"Hillis is killing that leopard!" Dwiney gasped.



Copyright 1913, by The Sear Co.

leader, to whom Hillis offered his services. He spat and mouthed a full-blooded oath. "We don't want renegades."

Even that did not repulse Hillis. He hung around their meeting places, he attended their demonstrations. Little by little it was brought home to him that these men, though they talked equity and progress, thought hate and anarchy. He wondered why, in a body of men who demanded the right to work, so many should show a predilection to loaf. His clean, trained athlete's body rebelled from the drink-sodden filth about him, and his thinker's mind retched at the irresponsible mouthings it received. There was no material for solid citizenship amongst all this irresponsibility. He began to feel more out of it than ever.

And then, one morning, a group who hailed themselves as apostles of labor expressed their dislike of revealed religion, and of those who believed in it, by tearing away the side of a church with a stick of dynamite. The red headlines of the newspaper story shocked Hillis with the force of an electric current. It was to him, suddenly, as if everything in the world had come crashing about his ears.

A wild desire to get away from everything possessed him, and twenty-four hours later, still a daze, he found himself on a liner bound for Europe. He mixed with nobody. He spoke to nobody. At times he was possessed with a mad notion to slip at night into the great, green thing that swished heavily against the sides of the ship. The memory of the decent, smiling, kind-faced old manufacturer drove him on like a whip. He felt he had made a fool of himself, defiled himself, and that he could never look on the ruddy, smiling features again. He wanted to get away somewhere to think. He wanted a dark corner. A group of passengers strolling up and down the hurricane-deck were speaking of Africa. Africa! That was it! That was his dark corner! He seized the idea as a man snatches at a fly. In Cherbourg a tubby little German freighter was taking on cargo for Zanzibar. Two days later he was standing on its boat deck, moodily, hopelessly, looking at the gray mass of the town as it disappeared dimly to northward.

THERE was little that suggested devotion to art in the appearance of William Howard Mowbray. The casual onlooker would have seen nothing in him except a hard, brick-red face that told of hot suns and winds, a figure that had once been athletic and that was now running to obesity; a mouth that shut like a trap, and a voice whose every growl was a cynical insult. But the

newsboy on the street and the financial magnate in his office would have recognized the name as that of the man who had raised the moving-picture from its rack of western cowboy scenes, pink sea-side idylls, and slapstick comedy to a position as high in the ranks of mimicry as a Shakespearean production. New York saw little of him, and little of his actors. When he was not in India, the Canadian Northwest was housing him. Sometimes he was heard of in Burma, and at other times the bleak steppes of Siberia saw his armies of mimes move across miles of plain like some new Tartar migration. Bonynge, the most tactless man in India, had once ventured to remonstrate with him about it in Calcutta club.

"But I thought there were studios for that," he babbled amiably. "Er—electric lights, and er—palm trees, and er—that sort of thing, y' know."

The movie man pivoted two hard gray eyes on Bonynge. Only the soldier's empty left sleeve, and his missing left ear, and the brown scar from cheek to temple, saved him from a torrent of blasphemous insult, for above all things Mowbray revered a fighting man. But it hardly softened the snarl in the director's tones.

"When I label a place the heart of Africa," Mowbray snapped, "it is the heart of Africa, not the heart of Hoboken."

When, later, and completely mollified, Mowbray told Bonynge, who besides being a V. C. and the most tactless man in India was a specialist on the geography of the unknown world, that he had acquired the right to film Rohano's novel, "The Jungle Lovers," the soldier became enthusiastic.

"The place you want for that is Italian Somaliland. You'll find ripping drinking-pools and hunting-grounds near N'gora. Get off at Kijige."

To Kijige in due time came Mowbray, with his platoon of actors, camera experts, property men and porters. They paraded along the strip of sulphur-like sand that edged the Indian Ocean, and filled the white-washed, minaretted town with a clamor and bustle such as had not been seen since Hadji Mansur preached the Holy War. They stood stock still with naive delight at the massive ebony Somal stalking through the town in their white cotton togas, at the figures of swarthy, hook-nosed Arabs in spotted tarbush and burnous, at the trim, white-ducked Italian officers, with their massive swords.

"It's like a scene in a comic opera," said Caryll, the new leading man, a slim dandy with a shock of black hair, pale face, and piercing black eyes. The home office

had sent him on to Mowbray as the only man available when poor Lester Kennedy had gone down with fever. Mowbray hated him with an intense and deadly hatred.

"It's like the Arabian nights," said Margaret Travers, a tall, fair, California girl, who was Mowbray's leading woman.

But the town did not interest the director. What he wanted was the jungle glades, and the hunting-grounds. He put his case before the Italian commander, who heard him with Roman courtesy.

"I am sorry," the commander said, "that I cannot go with you myself, or even send an officer, for the truth of the matter is we are expecting at any moment a call home. The Bersaglieri are swarming into Austria, and fighting is our trade. However, I shall give you a letter to Elees Bey. He will be glad to see you."

"Elees?" Mowbray queried. "It doesn't sound Italian."

"It isn't," the commander smiled. "It's American."

"Trader? Missionary?" Mowbray asked with his laconic, biting snarl.

"Neither," the commander answered. "I don't know exactly what you could call Elees, unless it were king."

And then gradually, as he was writing, he unfolded a tale that caused Mowbray's hard eyes to lift incredulously, then to widen with interest, and lastly to close in disdain. He told him of how, not much longer than four years before, an American had come to Kijige on a hunting expedition from Zayla, with a Greener express-rifle, a repeater, and a couple of Zanzibar porters. He described him to the moving-picture director as a short, fair-haired man, with blue eyes, a mouth that never smiled, and immense shoulders. He told Mowbray how the visitor had gone in-country on an indefinite trip, how he made headquarters at N'gora, and had never come back. He had been the visitor and guest of old Dara Dorrageh, the Eesa chief, the commander said, and the chief had constrained him to stay with him and be a sort of white protector and ju-ju to the tribe.

"You know how they kept Burton in Harrar and Speke in Uganda until they thought they would never get away. African hospitality is a pressing thing. But there was nothing of constraint in this case. Elees stayed because he wanted to. He was a man with nowhere to go, *ecce!* Dara is dead, and *Dio mio*, think of it, Elees remains on. He is ruler there—ruler of six hundred, seven hundred, eight, perhaps a thousand Somal. *Ebbene*, I only

(Continued on page 16)



Copyright 1915, by The Star Co.

The leopard shot into the air suddenly. It flashed toward Hillis like a stone from a catapult. The leading woman broke into a long vibrating scream.



DIRECTIONS: Before cutting out this figure and the clothes, look for all the slots and slit them carefully with a knife. Next cut out the figure and around the solid line of base, being careful to cut between the double lines on base. Fold figure and base carefully on all dotted lines so that the four shields marked "X" and "A" all come together. Cut out with point of knife the three shields marked "X," make a tab of the one marked "A" and insert this tab through the three openings. Cut out clothes, folding back to front on dotted lines. The tabs also fold on dotted lines and slip into slots, thus holding the back and front firmly together. Paste front and back figure together after inserting between them a thin strip of cardboard. Paste a piece of heavy cardboard under base so doll will stand.

BASE--BACK

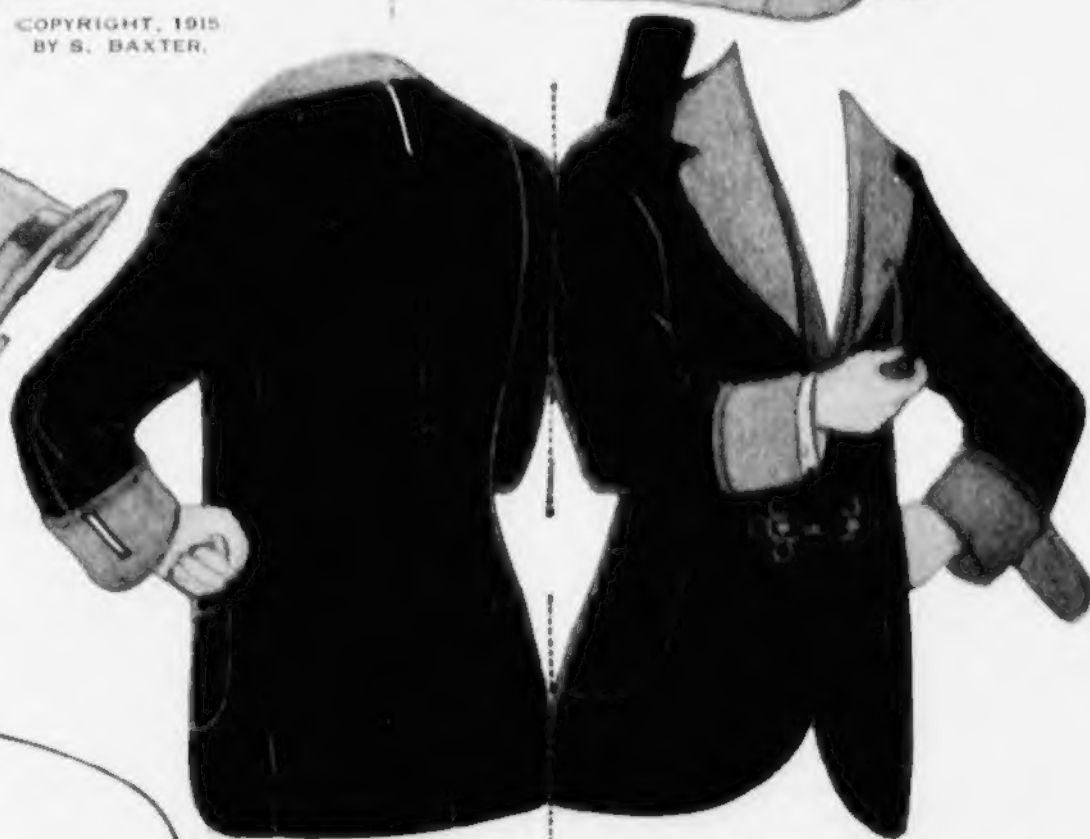
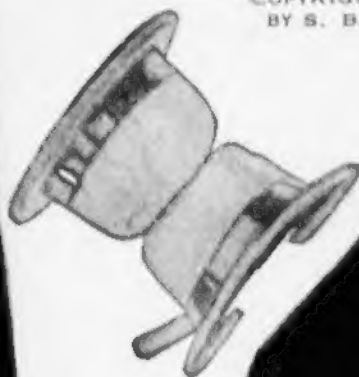


A

BASE-FRONT



COPYRIGHT, 1915
BY S. BAXTER.



Sunshine Paper Dolls **FATHER**
GEORGE WASHINGTON

SUPPLEMENT TO BOSTON AMERICAN—SUNDAY, DEC. 5, 1915
QUADRI-COLOR COMPANY NEW YORK



THE EAR IN THE WALL

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of the Craig Kennedy Stories

"The Romance of Elaine" etc.

Illustrated by
ARMAND BOTH



Copyright 1915, by
The Star Co.

"Hartley," said Mrs. Ogley, "Carton must not have power to use that record."

ARMAND BOTH

SYNOPSIS—With Craig Kennedy on the trail of the "Black Book" and Betty Blackwell! In that book Betty wrote what she heard at one end of a telephone wire—the other end was in Dorgan's room—Dorgan, political boss of the city. Any number of people wanted to know the secrets of that black book. Dorgan, of course, did; so did District Attorney Carton, in order to expose the gang and win his re-election; so did Livingston of Wall Street, that he might force Dorgan to let him in on the graft; likewise Mrs. Ogley wanted to know—it meant her reputation; and Kennedy did—it was his job. Somebody broke into Livingston's office safe to get the book. But had the book ever been in the safe? Livingston didn't say; nobody knew. Betty was Livingston's stenographer; she had disappeared after writing the book. Miss Ashton, the suffrage leader, was called in to help. Hoping for a clew, Carton arrested "Dopey Jack," for frauds at election. Dopey was the bosses' tool, and they set out to save him. First, Boss Murtha made Carton a graft offer, and failed. Then Kahn, the machine's lawyer, offered money to one of the panelled jurymen. Secretly, Kennedy photographed them in the act. The day of the trial arrives.

yers, witnesses, friends and relatives of defendants and complainants who flocked thither.

Rows upon rows of dark brown stained chairs filled the west hall of the court-room, facing a three-foot railing that enclosed a jury-box and space reserved for counsel tables, the clerk, and the district attorney representing the people.

At the extreme east rose in severe dignity the dais or bench above which ascended a draped canopy of rich brown plush. Here Justice Pomeroy presided, in his robes of silk, a striking, white-haired figure of a man, whose face was seamed and eyes keen with

thought and observation so necessary for his task. Across the street, arched by the famous Bridge of Sighs, loomed the great gray hulk of stone and steel bars, the city prison, usually referred to as "The Tombs." As if there had

been some cunning design in the juxtaposition, the massive jail reared itself outside the windows as an object lesson. It was a perpetual warning to the law-breaker. Its towers and projections jutted out as so many rocks on a dangerous shore where had been wrecked thousands of promising careers just embarked on the troublesome seas of life.

Skirting the line of southern windows through which the Tombs was visible, ran a steel wire screen, eight feet high, marking off a narrow chute that hugged the walls to a door at the rear of the court-room leading to the detention pen. Ordinarily prisoners were brought over the Bridge of Sighs in small droves and herded in the detention pens just outside the court-rooms until their cases were called. The line-up of prisoners at such times awaiting their turn at the bar of justice affords ample opportunity for study to the professional or the amateur criminalist.

Almost daily in this court one might look upon murderers, bank looters, clever forgers, taxicab robbers, safe crackers, highwaymen, second story men, shoplifters, pickpockets, thieves big and little—all sorts and conditions of crooks come to pay the price.

The court was crowded, for the gang leaders knew that this was a show down for them. Carton himself, not one of his assistants, was to conduct the case. If Dopey Jack, who had violated almost every law in the revised statutes and had never suffered anything worse than a suspended sentence, could not get off, then no one could. And it was unthinkable that Dopey should not only be arrested and held in jail without bail, but even be convicted on such a trivial

matter as slight irregularities that swung the primaries in a large section of the city for his superior, "higher up."

Rubano's father, a decent, sorrowing old man, sat in the rear of the court-room, probably wondering how it had all happened, for he came evidently of a clean, law-abiding family.

But there was nothing in the appearance of the insolent criminal at the bar to show that he was of the same breed. He was no longer the athlete, whom "prize-fighting" had inculcated with principles of manliness and fair play as well as a strong body. All that, as I had seen often before, was a pitiful lie. He was rat-eyed and soft-handed. His skin had the pastiness that comes of more exposure to the glare of vile dance halls than the sunlight of day. His black hair was slicked down; he was faultlessly tailored and his shoes had those high, bulging toes which are the extreme of Fourteenth Street fashion.

Outside, overlooking into the corridor, were gangsters, followers and friends of Dopey Jack. Only an overpowering show of force preserved the orderliness of the court from their boasting, bragging, and threats.

The work of selecting the jury began, and we watched it carefully. Kahn, cool and cunning, had evidently no

idea of what Carton was holding out against him. In the panel I could see the anemic looking fellow whom we had caught with the goods up at Farrell's. Carton's men had shadowed him and had learned of every man with whom he had spoken. As each, for some reason or other, was objected to by Carton Kahn began to show exasperation.

At last the anemic fellow came up for examination. Kahn accepted him.

For a moment Carton seemed to fumble among his papers, without even looking at the prospective juror. Then he drew out the print which Kennedy had made. Quietly, without letting anyone else see it, he deliberately walked to Kahn's table and showed it to the lawyer, without a word, in fact without any one else in the court knowing anything about it.

Kahn's face was a study, as he realized for the first time what it was that Carton and Kennedy had been doing that night at Farrell's. He paled. His hand shook. It was with the utmost effort that he could control his voice. He had been cornered and the yellow streak in him showed through.

In a husky voice he withdrew the juror, and Carton, in the same cold, self-possessed manner, resumed his former position, not even a trace of a smile on his features.

It was all done so quickly that scarcely a soul in the court besides ourselves realized that anything had happened.

"Isn't he going to say anything about it?" I whispered to Craig.

"That will come later," was all that Kennedy replied, his eyes riveted still on Carton.



Copyright 1915, by The Star Co.

"Carton—Miss Ashton, this is Kennedy," Craig protested into his vocophone. "Don't take that cab! Wait! I'll explain!"

MEANWHILE, the organization was using every effort to get possession of the Black Book, as Kennedy had suspected.

Miss Ashton had been busy on the case of the missing Betty Blackwell, but as yet there was no report from any of the agencies which she had set in motion to locate the girl. She had seen Langhorne, and, although she did not say much about the result of the interview, I felt sure that it had resulted in a further estrangement between them, perhaps a suspicion on the part of Langhorne that Carton had been responsible for it.

In as tactful a way as possible, Miss Ashton had also warned Mrs. Ogley of the danger she ran, but, as I had already supposed, the warning had been unnecessary. The rumors about the detectaphone record of the dinner had been quite enough. As for the dinner itself, what happened, and who were present, it remained still a mystery, perhaps only to be explained when at last we managed to locate the book.

Since the visit of Kahn, we had had no direct or indirect communications with either Dorgan or Murtha. They were, however, far from inactive, and I felt that their very secrecy, which had always been the strong card of the organization, boded no good. Although both Carton and Kennedy were straining every nerve to make progress in the case, there was indeed very little to report, either the next day or for some time after the episode of the juror's bribe which had placed Kahn in our power.

Carton was careful not to say anything about the graphic record we had taken of Kahn's attempt to throw the case. It was better so, he felt. The jury-fixing evidence would keep and it would prove all the stronger trump to play when the right occasion arose. That time rapidly approached, now, with the day set for the trial of Dopey Jack.

The morning of the trial found both Kennedy and myself in the part of General Sessions to which the case had been assigned under Justice Pomeroy. To one who would watch the sieve through which justice vigorously tries to separate the wheat from the chaff, the innocent from the guilty, a visit to General Sessions is the best means. For this court is fed through the channels that lead through the police courts, the Grand Jury chambers, and the district attorney's office. There one can study the largest assortment of criminals outside of a penal institution, from the Artful Dodger and Bill Sykes, Fagin, and Jim the Penman, to the most modern of noted crooks of fact or fiction, all done here in real flesh and blood. It is the busiest of criminal courts. More serious offenders against the law are sentenced here than in any other court in New York. The final chapter in nearly every big crime is written there, sooner or later.

As we crowded in, thanks to the courtesy of Carton, we found a roomy chamber, with high ceiling, and gray, impressive walls in the southeast corner of the second floor of the Criminal Courts Building. Heavy carved oaken doors afforded entrance and exit for the hundreds of law-

It was a very long time, he recalls, before he found a place to stay. He had to tell them that he needed the money. They started to laugh, but he just did not know the game. "Kaba, the great Kaba! He who kills all the lions at the arches would not be concerned," was a completely incorrect comment. Kaba had lived in a city so that he could hunt and retreat and hence have no fear of man. He was sure that he had found the place long enough to stay, so he bravely turned down every one, whom he had a personal suspicion of having been approached. Then, he had given Kaba water, he thought that it was time that he let at what was to be his last night peacefully. Kaba was not the one who died that

Before the very school doors, fellow teachers threw a teacher's lunch when we announced that we would protest that the secrecy of the papers be kept secret until it was absolutely necessary to school that a most unusual proceeding described in the paper to them from a typical classroom.

After that initial brief history of the cartoon, had been a gift to one of the most of the writers, but the people would be surprised, is the prices were clearly expressed by these Duplex Jokes class. In other words, not indicated in bold or otherwise rendered. One of the other cartoonists and home the fact of the cartoon, the time did not exist and a year. In the end, the images of other cartoonists and soldiers, the history of cartoonists, the whole said, in the story of the Duplex Jokes, in a dated, and was very comic history.

It was clear, as they presented it, with scarcely a reference to the name of Martha, the humanity and nobility as well as the hopes, Martha's case was to be handled separately and would be attended to later, when the time came.

ably, now and then Kiki would try to get out some of her independent, arch, witty, and caustic. But this was, I think, something more methodical. It was a role, Kiki. In fact, one almost felt that Carson was leaping at his opportunity, that he would have pounced on the first adverse comment he might have heard about her, only to find

New and the very old said what she concluded about the situation. What was the matter with Kahn? Why was the Congress not making itself, little knowing he was in the front, Carter had long been between the axes of the great struggle, that of the Law.

As a result, the new law will not be used to represent

[illegible]

What was so bad for Kadin was not that he knew, but Kadin was not doing the work. He was not doing a damn thing. They had waited a week for the sledge hammer, waiting for Cato to show up, expecting for Kadin to explain to them that would be the work of the man. But he was not. And then, on the eighth day, Cato came and he only dropped the hammer (I presumed) the one time, and he left.

There are two types of *chikara*. The old *Kobuchikara* is the traditional *chikara* based on a philosophy of Onizuka. Onizuka was a samurai who served as a police captain in Edo. His philosophy was to know the heart of every man, and to know the heart of every thing. He called this *chikara* *chikara* because he thought that this was the *chikara* that one should have to be a good man, and a good citizen. He called this *chikara* *chikara* because he thought that this was the *chikara* that one should have to be a good man, and a good citizen. He called this *chikara* *chikara* because he thought that this was the *chikara* that one should have to be a good man, and a good citizen.

Even Judge Pollock's decision in *Keefe* had turned many a case before him, as the old judge had a wholesome respect for the wily lawyer. But today the court found nothing wrong as the source of bluntness of the counsel.

Once the judge had to intertere with the remark, "I may remind the learned counsel for the defence that the

court intends to finish this case before adjournment to-
morrow, if possible. If not, then we shall sit tonight."

He is totally hunked up on the presentation of the case, oblivious to the now black looks that were directed at him by

teners on street-women, who held nothing as disgrace but a sign of respect for law or remorse for capture, burst forth.

He cast one baleful look at Kahn as they hurried him to the wire-screened passageway. "It's all a frame-up—a rotten frame-up!" he shouted.

As he disappeared a murmur of amazement ran through the room. The unthinkable had happened. An East Side idol had fallen. What next would happen?

IT seems as if the forces of Dorgan are demoralized," I remarked the morning after the conviction of D. Day Jack.

"We have them on the run, that's true," agreed Kennedy, "but there's plenty of fight in them, yet. Were not through, by any means."

Still, the lightning swiftness of Carter's attack had taken their breath away temporarily, at least. Already he had started proceedings to disbar Kahn, as well as to prosecute him in the courts.

According to the reports that came to us Murtha himself seemed dazed at the blow that had fallen. Some of our informants asserted that he was drinking heavily; others denied it. Whatever it was, however, Murtha was chanced.

never much in the limelight, anyhow, and was less so now than ever. He preferred to work through others, while he himself kept in the background, and he had no ambitions, save only a but a minor office, and that in the beginning of his career. Interviews and photographs he eschewed as if pollution by his political enemies. He was the only member of the detectivephone in his club at Gaston's he had had his rooms thoroughly overhauled, lest by any chance there might be another of those little "bushy" things concealed in the very walls, and having satisfied himself that there was not, he constituted a watch of private detectives to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate incident.

Wherever it was who had obtained the Black Book was keeping very quiet about it, and I imagined that it was being held up as a sort of sword of Damocles, dangling over his head, until such time as its possessor chose to strike the final blow. Of course, we did not and could not know what was going on behind the wall drama was being enacted. What Street group, headed by myself was in no doubt. I had been in an unguarded moment of the social leanings of the days before Dorgan had Long Island and a taste for Now, in his way, Dorgan was those who had once lived in the East. But it was not for nothing into the inner circle of Dorgan, this bitter interme-

Whatever was brewing inside the organization, I felt that we should soon know, for this was the day on which I since Perjury had announced he would sentence Popey.

It was a very different sort of crowd that overflowed the court-room, that nothing from that which had so boldly flocked to the bar, as if it were to make a Roman holiday of it.

The very tone was different. There was a tense look on many a face, as if the owner were asking himself the question, "What are we coming to? If this can happen to Dorsey Jack, what might not happen to me?"

Even the lawyers were changed. Kahn, as a result of the proceedings that Carton had instituted, had yielded the case to another, perhaps no better than himself, but

case to another, perhaps no better than himself, but wiser, after the fact. Instead of demanding anything, as a sort of prescriptive right, the new attorney actually adopted the unheard-of measure of appealing to the clemency of the court. The shades of all the previous bosses and gangsters must have turned in disgust at the unwonted sight. But certain it was that no one could see the relaxation of a muscle on the face of Justice Pomeroy as the lawyer proceeded with his specious plea. It had

(Continued on page 14)



Suddenly Carton and Miss Ashton started; somewhere behind them they heard a warning. "Don't take that cab! Wait! The gang is going to stick you up if you leave the house!" It was Kennedy's voice over his vocophone.

his own client. If he had expected to recover his old-time equanimity as the case proceeded, he failed. For no one better than he knew what that little photograph of Carton's meant—disgrace, disharment, perhaps prison itself. What was this Dozey Jack when ruin stared Kahn himself in the face in the person of Carton, calm and cool?

At last the summing up was concluded and I both sides rested. Judge Peonay charged the jury. I thought, with evident fairness and impartiality, even, perhaps, glossing over some points which Kadas weak presentation might have allowed him to make more of if Kadas had been bolder than he was.

Their mix fled out and the anxious waiting began. On all sides was the buzz of conversation. Kahn himself sat silent, gazing for the most part at the papers before him. There must have been some wrangling of the mix for twice hope of the gangsters revived when they sent in for the second round.

But it was not over yet. A loud "later" wailed the jury loudly
 and back again into the box. As Judge Poncrov faced
 them and asked the usual question, the spectators being
 breathless on the words of the foreman while the jurors
 stood unsuspiciously in their places.

There was a tense hash in the courtroom, as every eye was fastened on the face of the attorney.

The hush seemed to embarrass him. But finally he found his voice. Nervously, as if he were taking his own life in his hands, he delivered the verdict.

Instantly, before anyone could move, the disqualified judge took the witness to the study.

“You have heard the verdict,” he said colorlessly. “I shall sentence you tomorrow.”

Three court attendants were at Dopey Jack's side in a moment but none too soon. The pent-up feeling of the man idolized by blackmailers, and man-killers, and but-

THE SHELTERING TREE

By F. Tennyson Jesse

ILLUSTRATED BY
B. WENZELL

JOSEPH ALLOMBY was a professional putter, or club-maker, of his own little black-and-white studio, Alford, and a successful business man. The magazine advertised to the world at large that he was a connoisseur to. Alford exposed the country gentleman, which is the ideal aimed at by a certain type of retired Londoner. Both these reasons, combined with the fact that he wished to qualify for the membership of the country golf club, spurred on the legendary Joseph Alloby and patched up his patients, so he continued to propel the ball as nearly in the direction of the flower pot sunk in the middle of his lawn as possible. He could not afford to meddle with his golf and lawn, thinking on the top had begun to grow slightly, although with the aid of a much advertised proprietary that was "in no sense a dye" he was anxious to keep this tendency in its place.

Josephine once called him Joe, was a bit sentimental in his way, the fair other expert showed a way of the bluesed, low mowed, strongly knit arms, where only coarse is youth. And that was exactly what Josephine had never had. It was true he was amazingly tolerant of referring to the hardships he had once endured in the early part of his life, but it was also true that he had suffered them and by them he had polished off the birthright of every human being—a few years of utterly irresponsible activity. But—would Altonby ever have known how to play, even in the beginning? It is most certain that he would not. He would have been a good deal like the Altonbys of the world. Yet in a vague way they seem to have a feeling after it, and in Altonby's case this had shown itself in his choice of a wife.

He had married at forty, when his income was settled safely into the thousand pounds a year that it afterwards remained at, a girl of nineteen, a thin, graceful, high-bred creature without a penny in her purse or in prospect. He was one of those men who infinitely prefer the glow of a magnanimous action to the advantages of a more tangible kind arising from what is called a "good match."

and arising from the fact that even a good many of his friends had not been born in 1840 and he had always referred to her, in the exclusive manner of the suburbanite, as "the wife." She referred to him, without wincing, as "Joseph." The Almonds' ally was in Surrey, of all countries the most suburban. I kept the fact that it was in Surrey and not in Chesham, in mind, for I had been told that the Almonds were not in Surrey, but in Chesham, in which in that low-lying, high-thinking suburb. Oh, to do it justice. The shrubbery did stand in what the agent's advertisement had referred to as "self-contained grounds of upward of half an acre," while No. 5 Carrington Road had been semi-detached. Almonds often said how nice it was not to be overworked, who other than I could be? There was a certain neediness about the way in his Harris tweed suit and spats as he wadded the putter of the country gentleman.

[illegible]

The woman had stopped quite still and was looking at him over the little gate. Her thick black veil, quite the veil of a villainess in melodrama, prevented him seeing her face or realizing, as he was to do with a terrible sense of outrage a few minutes later, who it was who had come to call on him. She pushed the gate open and walked up the little path with the aspect of one who has come for a very definite purpose, and Altony, impatient, strode up to the door ahead of her.

"Excuse me," he began, "but were you wishing to see me about anything? Or if you—" and again his eye took note of her dress with all the acumen of a man who

not so close to zero than when in the whole
side of it. It is a very small one if you are
wishing to connect the points you
need to zero out by the table in its
center.

"Oh, my dear good man, how unchanged you are," said his visitor in a hoarse voice with a slight and not unpleasing huskiness in it, "just the same old Joe as ever."

Who was I, as a young Alinsky, but a shy, unaccepted girl with a laugh. It did not sound spontaneous, but rather like the laugh of one who is trying to play the role of a woman detached from the vicissitudes of deep emotion. Indeed, had Alinsky been a man of his own and subtle perceptions, which he was, he could not have failed to have been struck, both then and later, by the fact that she seemed like one who has "ceased a somewhat before-hand and is determined to play it according to the book."

It was not until 1937, but well and good, that the fact that she had voluntarily married the enemy of the union, as I termed the new chest to catch over a horizon, and remain as a symbol of love, became for a troubled moment.

"How do you do, Lucy?" she said amiably, with creditable aplomb, when the veil had been innocently torn. "don't you know me? I was Margaret Smith."

Altogether, for the first time in his life, what it is to feel badly. Flood tossed his head and then groped for a look, from other, than his eyes, for his lower lip, ward hoisted, it looked ugly, yet had the thing of the pathetic helplessness of the next moment he had recovered his

"This won't do, you know," he said. "And it isn't safe to conduct the country like knut people in this way. I cannot let knutlets go very severe."

He broke out, something in the amber look, a terrifying familiarity in the tangle of hair and the lift of the hip that e-

It does not look like the two front teeth, straight. If it were true, it would be true. It does not look like the two front teeth, straight.

"Huh? We better go inside?" she
"These little places are so impulsive."
And your wish to be on your mission.

At that the conventional man in his conventional form of insult, he flushed to. But he opened the door with his key—he the confirmed townsman to have a door could be opened by merely turning a handle—happily into the square hall where the young girl was reading, she, the other

Once within he drew a long breath temporarily averted and mopped his brow fully chosen land. On the woman's head of sweet stood out, but she felt unconscious of any emotion other than

"Why does your brother want to lie?"

"This is what you become when you're a kid," he asked. "Because of course you have. I saw it this time over your eyes. And be-

have what variables vs. or in book calls
'You can't learn me what's a your
Alloidy being his, of 'I thought a

And everything I could. You're a relation ship. I could have the whole lot of it.

"What if somebody could make a machine that put us back and forth? Bought it, haven't you, and he said just as everyone is beginning to forget so on living here, of course, he could get rid of the house, at a loss, when no one had heard about it. Oh, I knew wouldn't let it go, you. It was all they could do."

$$|1\rangle_{12} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_1|0\rangle_2 + |1\rangle_1|1\rangle_2)$$

$$|1\rangle_{34} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_3|0\rangle_4 + |1\rangle_3|1\rangle_4)$$

$$|1\rangle_{56} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_5|0\rangle_6 + |1\rangle_5|1\rangle_6)$$

$$|1\rangle_{78} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_7|0\rangle_8 + |1\rangle_7|1\rangle_8)$$

$$|1\rangle_{9,10} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_9|0\rangle_{10} + |1\rangle_9|1\rangle_{10})$$

$$|1\rangle_{11,12} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{11}|0\rangle_{12} + |1\rangle_{11}|1\rangle_{12})$$

$$|1\rangle_{13,14} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{13}|0\rangle_{14} + |1\rangle_{13}|1\rangle_{14})$$

$$|1\rangle_{15,16} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{15}|0\rangle_{16} + |1\rangle_{15}|1\rangle_{16})$$

$$|1\rangle_{17,18} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{17}|0\rangle_{18} + |1\rangle_{17}|1\rangle_{18})$$

$$|1\rangle_{19,20} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{19}|0\rangle_{20} + |1\rangle_{19}|1\rangle_{20})$$

$$|1\rangle_{21,22} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{21}|0\rangle_{22} + |1\rangle_{21}|1\rangle_{22})$$

$$|1\rangle_{23,24} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{23}|0\rangle_{24} + |1\rangle_{23}|1\rangle_{24})$$

$$|1\rangle_{25,26} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{25}|0\rangle_{26} + |1\rangle_{25}|1\rangle_{26})$$

$$|1\rangle_{27,28} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{27}|0\rangle_{28} + |1\rangle_{27}|1\rangle_{28})$$

$$|1\rangle_{29,30} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{29}|0\rangle_{30} + |1\rangle_{29}|1\rangle_{30})$$

$$|1\rangle_{31,32} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{31}|0\rangle_{32} + |1\rangle_{31}|1\rangle_{32})$$

$$|1\rangle_{33,34} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{33}|0\rangle_{34} + |1\rangle_{33}|1\rangle_{34})$$

$$|1\rangle_{35,36} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{35}|0\rangle_{36} + |1\rangle_{35}|1\rangle_{36})$$

$$|1\rangle_{37,38} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{37}|0\rangle_{38} + |1\rangle_{37}|1\rangle_{38})$$

$$|1\rangle_{39,40} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{39}|0\rangle_{40} + |1\rangle_{39}|1\rangle_{40})$$

$$|1\rangle_{41,42} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{41}|0\rangle_{42} + |1\rangle_{41}|1\rangle_{42})$$

$$|1\rangle_{43,44} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{43}|0\rangle_{44} + |1\rangle_{43}|1\rangle_{44})$$

$$|1\rangle_{45,46} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{45}|0\rangle_{46} + |1\rangle_{45}|1\rangle_{46})$$

$$|1\rangle_{47,48} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{47}|0\rangle_{48} + |1\rangle_{47}|1\rangle_{48})$$

$$|1\rangle_{49,50} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{49}|0\rangle_{50} + |1\rangle_{49}|1\rangle_{50})$$

$$|1\rangle_{51,52} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{51}|0\rangle_{52} + |1\rangle_{51}|1\rangle_{52})$$

$$|1\rangle_{53,54} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{53}|0\rangle_{54} + |1\rangle_{53}|1\rangle_{54})$$

$$|1\rangle_{55,56} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{55}|0\rangle_{56} + |1\rangle_{55}|1\rangle_{56})$$

$$|1\rangle_{57,58} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{57}|0\rangle_{58} + |1\rangle_{57}|1\rangle_{58})$$

$$|1\rangle_{59,60} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{59}|0\rangle_{60} + |1\rangle_{59}|1\rangle_{60})$$

$$|1\rangle_{61,62} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{61}|0\rangle_{62} + |1\rangle_{61}|1\rangle_{62})$$

$$|1\rangle_{63,64} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{63}|0\rangle_{64} + |1\rangle_{63}|1\rangle_{64})$$

$$|1\rangle_{65,66} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{65}|0\rangle_{66} + |1\rangle_{65}|1\rangle_{66})$$

$$|1\rangle_{67,68} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{67}|0\rangle_{68} + |1\rangle_{67}|1\rangle_{68})$$

$$|1\rangle_{69,70} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{69}|0\rangle_{70} + |1\rangle_{69}|1\rangle_{70})$$

$$|1\rangle_{71,72} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{71}|0\rangle_{72} + |1\rangle_{71}|1\rangle_{72})$$

$$|1\rangle_{73,74} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{73}|0\rangle_{74} + |1\rangle_{73}|1\rangle_{74})$$

$$|1\rangle_{75,76} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{75}|0\rangle_{76} + |1\rangle_{75}|1\rangle_{76})$$

$$|1\rangle_{77,78} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{77}|0\rangle_{78} + |1\rangle_{77}|1\rangle_{78})$$

$$|1\rangle_{79,80} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{79}|0\rangle_{80} + |1\rangle_{79}|1\rangle_{80})$$

$$|1\rangle_{81,82} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{81}|0\rangle_{82} + |1\rangle_{81}|1\rangle_{82})$$

$$|1\rangle_{83,84} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{83}|0\rangle_{84} + |1\rangle_{83}|1\rangle_{84})$$

$$|1\rangle_{85,86} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{85}|0\rangle_{86} + |1\rangle_{85}|1\rangle_{86})$$

$$|1\rangle_{87,88} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{87}|0\rangle_{88} + |1\rangle_{87}|1\rangle_{88})$$

$$|1\rangle_{89,90} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{89}|0\rangle_{90} + |1\rangle_{89}|1\rangle_{90})$$

$$|1\rangle_{91,92} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{91}|0\rangle_{92} + |1\rangle_{91}|1\rangle_{92})$$

$$|1\rangle_{93,94} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{93}|0\rangle_{94} + |1\rangle_{93}|1\rangle_{94})$$

$$|1\rangle_{95,96} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{95}|0\rangle_{96} + |1\rangle_{95}|1\rangle_{96})$$

$$|1\rangle_{97,98} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{97}|0\rangle_{98} + |1\rangle_{97}|1\rangle_{98})$$

$$|1\rangle_{99,100} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{99}|0\rangle_{100} + |1\rangle_{99}|1\rangle_{100})$$

$$|1\rangle_{101,102} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{101}|0\rangle_{102} + |1\rangle_{101}|1\rangle_{102})$$

$$|1\rangle_{103,104} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{103}|0\rangle_{104} + |1\rangle_{103}|1\rangle_{104})$$

$$|1\rangle_{105,106} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{105}|0\rangle_{106} + |1\rangle_{105}|1\rangle_{106})$$

$$|1\rangle_{107,108} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{107}|0\rangle_{108} + |1\rangle_{107}|1\rangle_{108})$$

$$|1\rangle_{109,110} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{109}|0\rangle_{110} + |1\rangle_{109}|1\rangle_{110})$$

$$|1\rangle_{111,112} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{111}|0\rangle_{112} + |1\rangle_{111}|1\rangle_{112})$$

$$|1\rangle_{113,114} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{113}|0\rangle_{114} + |1\rangle_{113}|1\rangle_{114})$$

$$|1\rangle_{115,116} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{115}|0\rangle_{116} + |1\rangle_{115}|1\rangle_{116})$$

$$|1\rangle_{117,118} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{117}|0\rangle_{118} + |1\rangle_{117}|1\rangle_{118})$$

$$|1\rangle_{119,120} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{119}|0\rangle_{120} + |1\rangle_{119}|1\rangle_{120})$$

$$|1\rangle_{121,122} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{121}|0\rangle_{122} + |1\rangle_{121}|1\rangle_{122})$$

$$|1\rangle_{123,124} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{123}|0\rangle_{124} + |1\rangle_{123}|1\rangle_{124})$$

$$|1\rangle_{125,126} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{125}|0\rangle_{126} + |1\rangle_{125}|1\rangle_{126})$$

$$|1\rangle_{127,128} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}(|0\rangle_{127}|0\rangle_{128} + |1\rangle_{127}|1\rangle_{128})$$

$$|1\rangle_{129,1$$

"Oh, come, come. I think it was . . . Me. Keep honest—we all know that—but we're the first with a girl. All men will. I've had enough men friends to know. I don't pretend to be a saint, of course. I betrayed a girl. I never went with a . . . I know what she was about." Oh, yes, always has that to say. And it's true, you are trying to get to know."



Later, hidden behind the window curtain he saw them leave his house, and knew that, in a way none of them had ever thought of the wrongs that they, and through them all women, had suffered from him, were amply avenged.

Already seized on what's been called a "crisis of the intellect"

"So you've had time to give us a little speech? You might have known I'd be here." A good try, indeed.

"Well, the number of people who have better health habits for a moment than they do most of the time is

Only in nature

If we choose $\lambda_1 = \epsilon$, $\lambda_2 = 1/\epsilon$, we have for ϵ sufficiently small, $\lambda_1, \lambda_2 \in \text{int}(\mathcal{C})$ with $\lambda_1 + \lambda_2 = 1$, and

He thought that woman was dead, so then he remembered that was told to him that the woman was not dead, but that it was there, and had a great deal of it. He was one of the men who

[illegible]

What's she like? "I've read Marjorie's books. She pointed out a lot of plot holes in *13* and *14*," says the author, and



"If friendship count for anything?" "It's the best thing in the world," was Theresa's reply. "Do you know those lines
r-like, but friendship is a sheltering tree? That's what your friendship has been to me."

For many months after the marriage she had not found this early as unbearable as Margaret had concluded, from her photograph, that she must. For, like many of the descendants of an old family which has in-bred too long with others into itself, and whose chief avocations have been to do with the grosser side of country life, most of the Monroes were not only uneducated, but uneducated in the way that is already blunted to the point of telling stories, which sooner or later would have found too coarse to be amusing, and had she married Albany, she might have gone the way that Joseph already assigned to her sister. This all sounds as if, indeed, Theresa could not have possibly been what is called "a fine lady," and as she was a genuine, generous, and kind-hearted woman, with right notions of life and what it meant, of "playing the game" and a quite fearless person of her age, and—though her profile belied it so that few stopped to make the most modest and humble estimate of herself—this last quality it was that was largely responsible for her restrictions, and that might have led her into the worst mistake of her life, had she not been so good, so kind, so generous, so full of light, in her generosity and with her total lack of consideration for, and conceit of, herself, have given all she could to marriage had stopped all that, because of her strict notions of "playing the game," and as the years went on, her association with Albany, who grew more and more obvious to her as the years went on, and who was a man of the whole thing. Passion and curiosity about passion in a person satisfied, especially when there is nothing else in the

[illegible]

As I had had had dinner at the home of the two ladies, I went to the shop of one of the assistants by the name of Mrs. A. I had occasionally met her in several places, but there was no one within the range of the Shabbath, who could have been taken to Theresia. And Mrs. A. would certainly have been able to tell me, if she had known of her existence.

It was with feelings of profound and almost unexpressed satisfaction that he saw the growing friendship between the two women. He distasteful Margaret, a woman who could not have living and he hated her from afar. He felt like a corner stone in a room in the shade of which he had been sitting for so long. He did not know that was the reason that he said his own heart to him that seven, even though he had been charged to be cautious. Only such made him and she did his dearest night, when was it to come to Theresia but having, a room, I turned to the two, true since that day. In there something that was not at all, but it was not a day, and what was not possible. Already, who had been a girl who lived there, could see the first signs of continuing to live with Theresia. He had not been able of course to the latter. He had taken to his lover that, one of a friend of mine, who however, was used to hearing and found no fault, that he had a good heart after the manner of

And Margaret, too, had a lot to come to grips with. It was tearing her apart, affecting her. It was not possible for my mother, who hated to have one of the others, not to go. For many years, the struggle to come to grips with and hold the first place in Margaret's consciousness had a certain modest but quite individual position as secretaries to a member of the Government had to work in London for some time, and at that she had had to learn to stick to her guns, to be able to apply her own ideas, to have her plan, as well as to be able to find out all about a matter, not only because of an affection she did not help feeling, to the girl who was to have been the chief instrument with which to strike at Altona? It looked like enough, she had no reason to trust it, and he thing had gone without church but somehow it looked so different, now she was to be married to a man who was to be a member of the Government, and she knew that she lived under the same roof as the girl who had been herself felt base. This young, married woman then, who had her head so high and was so strong with her own under the cabin, how could she make him want to live by bringing shame upon her? She who herself knew how to show that a bigging shame was. So she, she had seen her thing but good, for Margaret knew about the change in rooms, and she had seen that there was a consequent of the learning, always that of a gallant boy, the girl of the girl, the boy of the boy, in it.

[illegible]

They walked briskly along the white, untrampled path between the fresh-green hedgerows, and Theresa's little Aberdeen, mired over the fields and burrowed with velds of excitement, into rabbit-holes, and chased anything, furred or feathered, that crossed his line of vision. It was all very normal, very English, except for the secret knowledge the older woman carried in her heart.

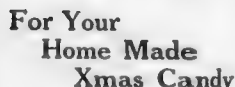
[illegible][illegible]

"I know. But the less you know, the less they'll think it's worth going to last forever. But now who's going to?"

"But what if the good in the country is just a front? I asked them not to tell anyone about me, but I'm sure they'll turn on her hand. You've made a real mess of this, Marge, and when the cops find out, I'll have to make it look like I did everything."

Margaret looked attentively at the face of the man, whose throat and face turned half towards her on the cupped palms, and with a sudden fear at her heart she saw tragedy in the narrow eyes, and she came to a sudden decision. For some time she had wondered at what he had done, but now when

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
 Entering Field 11111 Fifth Avenue New
 York, N. Y. 10020



French Dainties, Marshmallows, Turkish Delight—these and many other wholesome candies make delightful Christmas gifts.

1.2.2 envelopes Knack: Accelerated Gelatin in 10 minutes. 100 mg of Knack (100 mg) is dissolved in 100 ml of water. When necessary, the solution is cooled to 10°C . The solution is then poured into a mold and allowed to solidify. The solidified material is then cut into pieces and used as a substitute for gelatin. The material is then used as a substitute for gelatin in the preparation of the final product.

KNOX
SPARKLING GELATINE
(Granulated)

Send for 1916 Edition of
the Knox Recipe Book
—FREE for your grocer's
name. Put sample for
2c stamp and your gro-
cer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX CO., Inc.
450 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, New York



Comps Board is sold by half dozen everywhere, from one to eighteen feet.

The Compo-Board Co.
4315 Lyndale Avenue N. Minneapolis, Minn.

Old Coins Wanted - We will pay \$5.00 to \$50.00
for large cent dated 1799. We pay cash premiums on all
18th century eagles etc. and all rare coins to 1912. The
series of coins and bulls wanted. Send to for our 10¢
Illustrated letter or the May 1964 issue print to you.
New York Bank, Dept. N, 100 West 41st St.

Continued from page 8

Don't turn yet," I caution. I look just around the corner back at you, fangs

Rembert, for a moment, sat by her side toward the cot room and uncovered the package which he had brought consist-

148 1st Ave., SEATTLE, WASH., U. S. A.

moment ago you had tried to forget me —"

TO BE CONTINUED



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Crochet Lessons FREE

We will give you a two complete book on beautiful crocheting absolutely free with each recent ball of R. M. C. Condonnet Art 65.

Complete Crochet Book

R. M. C. CONDONNET ART 65

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents \$60 a Week

We want experienced agents to travel by auto. 300 Candle Power Outdoor Lamp and Safety Lantern.

This Auto FREE

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Sent FREE

LAW Course On Approval

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

\$250 a Month

19 Jewel Burlington

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents \$60 WEEKLY

LANDA "Prosperity" BILLFOLD

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

\$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING, Inc.

1364 Warner Building

Take Care of the First One

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

1 W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 111 West 4th Street, New York City

FRIENDSHIP ONLY 12¢

STERLING SILVER ROLLED GOLD

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Free Till Christmas

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Health, Looks, Comfort

THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Print Your Own

50¢

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Postpaid Name Engraved Free in 23-kt Gold

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

FANTEE

Continued from page 6

"I see," Mowbray said grimly. "He has become Fantee, as you say. He is a wretched white."

"It's a pretty hard word to use," said the commander. "I wouldn't like to call him that. I look like a fool. Why don't you bring him back with you? He would be a fine addition to my party."

But Mowbray's lips shut into a grim, straight line.

And as they traveled on through the green lush of the hinterland, Mowbray would stop, glance dubiously at the saddle-bag where the commander's letter lay, as if he were debating whether he should turn it up and turn back again.

YOUR curiosity to accept Ntoma as possible as you approach it over the long, flat plain of Wata. It looks somehow like the plateau of some forgotten continent. Above it stretches a limitless expanse of indigo sky. In front of it, from the jungle toward the sea, the land lies in great yellow peninsulas of corn hedged about with the deep green of holm trees and splashed here and there with lakes of red thistles. The town itself slumbers peacefully under the sun in a quiet harbor of red sandstone hills, some of lake beaches and long white-shed houses that resemble kangas. In the background the single sea with the myring blue of a coral in August day.

Mowbray left his book of poems and a notebook and the commander, taking his leave, turned and followed the dumpy, thick-bodied, and his head who left a company of them to King. Along the rambling line of the town, Ntoma stood open-mouthed as they passed straight, brightly looking. Squall with their white poles, straw sails, red awnings, and broad spars, blue, yellow, and black, and glistering like ripe plums; hook-nosed, and like a specimen, with the trace of Moynihan in blood in their features. The corporal stopped suddenly. His right hand went up in salute. Mowbray looked forward.

"Flee, Bee," said the corporal.

A figure in a white turban, and a twisted white turban, swung down the lane toward him. As Mowbray watched it stride toward him, the high poise of its head, and the enormous breadth of its shoulders made him give an involuntary gasp of surprise. He had expected something different, a slinking, vice-tainted, treacherous white with yellow skin and shamed eyes. But this man was bronzed like an Arab. His sun-baked short beard jutted forward from a powerful chin. His blue eyes flashed like electric sparks.

"How do you do," he hailed genially.

Mowbray drew himself up shortly. "My name is Mowbray," he said. "I am bringing this letter from Major Bagdikian to King."

The blue eyes looked at Mowbray, a moment searchingly, guardedly. He broke the seal of the letter and glanced through it. "Cinematograph work," he smiled.

"Of course, I'll be glad to help you out. Come with me into my house," he pointed to one of the long, rambling white-washed structures. "I want to talk about New York. I haven't seen anyone from those parts since I came here. And we can arrange about your work."

The director made no movement. "His voice came hard and cold. 'Sorry,' he said softly. 'But there's no man to do that. I can't come. I know very little of New York, and I never talk about it. It isn't too much trouble, and you can say a couple of scouts. I should like to begin tomorrow it down. The major said there was a drinking pool about six miles from here. I want a film of that.'

Very well," he said calmly. "The commander has asked me to look after you myself, so I shall go with you instead of sending scouts. I shall be ready at three o'clock in the morning. Good afternoon."

And he strode back up the lane, swinging, as he had come.

Now, if Mowbray was a cold matter-of-

Say fellows! Here's the only one for you!

THE AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Parisienne Flesh Food

Eradicates Wrinkles

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

SUN LIGHT

Don't keep your family in the Dark

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing

FREE (Mechano-Therapy)

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

ILLER'S AMERICAN GUIDE

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Free

1000 N. W. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1916

HERE is the 1916 Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar. It's a beauty—better even than those of previous years. You'll appreciate how strong a statement that is if you are one of the thousands that yearly order Pabst Calendars.

The latest of the Pabst Extract Beauty Calendars, from paintings famed for wonderfully harmonious coloring, depicts in a masterful way, the American girl of today, with all her charm, grace and native dignity. Every detail of face, form and dress is fascinating.

The 1916 American Girl in striking lavender costume is beautifully lithographed in twelve colors on heavy art paper. It is entirely free from advertising on the front, exactly as shown in the illustration. The calendar is seven inches wide by thirty-six inches high, and is admirably adapted for use as a panel picture and for odd places so hard to ornament satisfactorily. The color scheme is unusually pleasing, and will harmonize with almost any set of furnishings.

Our aim in sending out these beautiful calendars free is to remind you, and others, that

Pabst Extract The "Best" Tonic

"Brings the Roses to Your Cheeks"

that it is a natural tonic which enriches the blood, rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body, steadies the nerves and tones the entire system. Being a perfect blending of choicest malt and hops with iron, it is nature's own builder and reinvigorator—a splendid tonic, recommended by leading physicians for nursing mothers, convalescents, anaemics, all who are run down from any cause, and as a revitalizer for the aged.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist

Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an article of food.

This Calendar is Free To obtain one it is merely necessary to send us ten cents in coin or stamps (coin preferred) to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Each year the demand for these attractive art calendars grows greater, so send early to avoid disappointment.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Dept. 4, Milwaukee, Wis.

PABST EXTRACT CO.		Date	
Dept. 4, Milwaukee, Wis.			
Gentlemen:—Enclosed herewith find		_____	n coin.
stamps, for which please send me		_____	copies
Extract American Girl Calendar for 1916.			Pabst
Name		_____	
Street and No.		_____	
City		_____	State



KIPLING ON THE PERILS OF SEA PATROL

THE BRITISH NAVY AT THE SPITHEAD REVIEW ONE WEEK BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.



BOAT SIDES PLAY HIDE AND SEEK WITH SEA BOMBS

Destroyers' Men Quietly Pull Explosives from Water After Hearing Fateful 'Tap-Tapping' on Bows.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Copyright, 1915, in the United States, by Rudyard Kipling.

ON the edge of the North Sea, an admiral in charge of a stretch of coast without lights or marks, along which the traffic moves much as usual. In front of him there is nothing but the sea, and the enemy and some few of our ships. Behind him there are towns, with M. P. attached, who, a little while ago, didn't see the reason for certain lighting orders. When a Zepplin or two came, they saw! Left and right of him are enormous docks, with vast crowded sheds, miles of stone-faced quaysides, loaded with all manner of supplies and crowded with mixed shipping.

In this excited world one met staff-captains, staff commanders, staff lieutenants and secretaries, with paymasters so senior that they almost ranked with admirals. There were warrant officers, too, who long ago gave up splashing about decks barefoot, and now check and issue stores to the revenue, untroubled fleets. Each one of these, guarding a collection of desirable things, to a cross between a sick bay attendant and a junior writer (but he was really an expert burglar): "No! As you can tell Mr. So-and-so, with my compliments, that the storekeeper's gone away—right away—with the key of these stores in his pocket. Understand me? In his trousers pocket."

CASE OF CONSCIENCE IN THE SERVICE.

He snorted at my next question. "I know my destroyer-look-alikes," said he. "This coast's rank with 'em! Destroyer-look-alikes are born stealing. And what they don't pilfer they take out to sea. It's a mercy they're too busy to practice forgery, or I'd be in gaol. Engineer-commanders? Engineer-look-alikes? They're worse! Look here! If my own mother was to come to me begging brass screws for her coffin, I'd— I'd think twice before I'd oblige the old lady. War's war, I grant you that; but what I've got to deal with is CRIME."

The Inside of the Hotel

Is the part that counts with the guest. The architect doesn't make a hotel, he only designs it. The builder doesn't make a hotel, he only builds it.

Don't select your stopping place from the outside. Look behind the front wall and see what is back of it.

The success of the Hotel Martiniere is the personality back of it, which shows in the lobby, at the desk, in the restaurants and in the rooms.

The telephone attendants, the mail clerks, the room maids, even the bellhops reflect the personality back of the "House of Taylor." We don't preach prices only. We have pleasant looking rooms from \$1.50 up, and all you will find reflected the careful and ideal idea of guest-service that dominates every part of our stay.

In the Heart of Things, only a golf stroke Pennsylvania Depot. On Broadway's Martiniere. The Martiniere is the logical place for those on business or pleasure bent.

BROADWAY and 32nd Street NEW YORK

IN GREAT BRITAIN'S PATROL WARFARE, described by Kipling, the torpedo boat destroyer plays a most conspicuous part. Below is shown the new destroyer, Swift, of the English Navy. She is the fastest warship in the world—thirty-six knots—and the only vessel of her kind. She is an oil burner. Her displacement is 1,325 tons and she is driven by 30,000-horsepower turbines. The Swift cost \$280,000. In the background are two British cruisers, apparently being guarded by the mammoth destroyer.



"THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET"

By RUDYARD KIPLING.
Copyright, 1915, in the United States of America, by Rudyard Kipling.

PATROLS.

BE well assured that on his side
The untrodden Heavens fight,
Through headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport tonight.
By force of weather, not of war,
In jeopardy we steer,
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear.

How in all time of my distress
And in our deliverance, too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew.

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have mightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it to the morrow;
And as our streaming bows rebuke
Each billow's bawled career,
Sing welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear.

How in all time of my distress
And in our deliverance, too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew.

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But time and place to meet the hour
And leave to strive to live.
Till these dissolve our order holds,
Our Service binds us here,
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear.

How in all time of my distress
And in our triumph, too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew.

and spends a great deal of its time in making their path safe for him. The enemy does not. He flows them up, because that cows and impresses them, and so adds to his prestige.

The easiest way of finding a mine field is to stream into it on the edge of night for choice, with a steep sea runner, for that brings the bows down like a chopper on the detonating horns. Some boats have enjoyed this experience and still live.

There was one destroyer (and there may have been others) who was very busy four hours ago, compressed life. She was a mine field somewhere about, and

left her companions behind while she explored. The weather was dead calm and she walked delicately. She saw one Scandinavian steamer blow up a couple of miles away, rescued the skipper and some hands; saw another neutral, which she could not reach till all was over, slid in another direction; and between her life-saving efforts and her neutral curiosity, got herself so thoroughly mixed up with the field as a camel among tent ropes.

TOOK THE MINES SERIOUSLY ONCE.
A destroyer's bows are very fine and her sides are very straight. This causes her to cleave the waves with the minimum of

disturbance, and this boat had no desire to cleave anything else. None the less, from time to time, she heard a mine grate, or tinkle (I could not arrive at the precise note it strikes, but they say it is unpleasant) on her plates. Sometimes she would be free of them for a long while, and began to hope she was clear. At other times they were numerous, but when at least she seemed to have worried out of the danger zone, lieutenant and sub. together left the bridge for a cup of tea. ("In those days we took miles very seriously, you know.")

As they were in the act to drink, they heard the hateful sound again just outside the wardroom. Both put their cups down with extreme care, little fingers extended. ("We felt as if they might blow up, too") and tiptoed on deck, where they met the focal also on tiptoe.

They pulled themselves together and asked severely what the tople thought it was doing. "Beg pardon, sir, but there's another of those blighters tap-tapping alongside, OUK and." They all waited and listened to their common coffin being pulled by Death Himself. But the things bumped away. At this point, they thought it only decent to invite the rescued skipper, warm and blanketed in one of their bunks, to step up and do his further perishing in the open.

"No, thank you," said he. "Last time I was blown up in my bunk, too. That was all right. So I think, now, too, I stay in my bunk here. It is cold upstairs."

Somewhat or other they got out of them after all. "Yes, we used to take mines awfully seriously in those days. One comfort is, Fritz'll take them seriously when he comes out. Fritz don't like mines."

"Who does?" I wanted to know. "If you'd been here a little while ago, you'd seen a commander committed in with a big 'un along under his counter. He brought the beastly thing in to analyze. The rest of his squadron followed at two knots intervals, and everything in harbor had been up and steam up, so to speak."

Presently, I had the honor to meet a Lieutenant-Commander Admiral who had retired from the Service, but, like others, had turned out again at the first clash of the guns, and now commiserated with the great ships erupting at his least signal—a squadron of destroyers for the protection of the Dover Patrol Fleet. At present prices—after some chance of the party submarine—men would fish in such warmer places.

MINE HUNTERS SEE LUSITANIA WRITTEN ON SEA

"I Never Thought I'd Like Killin' Men," Says Trawler But It's My Duty, and I Do."

man backed up by the passion and power of the younger breed, and the discipline which had been his soul for half a century binding them all.

"You'll be do THIS time?" I asked of one who might know. "Hell cruise between Two and Three East, but if you'll tell me what he won't do, it'd be more to the point! He's minehunting, I expect, just now."

Here is a digression suggested by the sight of a man I had known in other scenes, despite-shaking round a deer in a patrol launch. There are many of his type, yachtmen of sorts accustomed to take chances, who do not hold master's certificates and cannot be given sea-going commands. Like my friend, they do general utility—often in their own boats.

This is a waste of good material. Nobody wants amateur navigators—the traffic lanes are now too wide as it is. But these gentlemen would make a happy beginning, slow with submarine shelling and diving, or in cutting out enemy's trawlers.

The young ones, who can master Q. F. work in a very short time would—though there might be friction, a court-martial or two, and probably losses at first—pay for their keep. Over a hundred or so of them, more or less controlled by their squadron commanders, would make a happy beginning, and they would all be extremely grateful.

NOTICE

To those who submitted titles in the
Boston American
Play Title
Contest

Every effort is being made by the Boston American Contest Department to complete the tabulation and verification of the immense number of titles submitted in time for the announcement of prize winners before Christmas.

Contestants should remember that the enormous amount of clerical work necessary is a slow process and the Contest Editor assures the many thousands who submitted titles that the announcement of prize winners will be made at the earliest possible date.

Continued on next page.

WOMEN MAKE GUILD BAZAAR A BIG SUCCESS

St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum

Many of the women who were present at the bazaar were from the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The bazaar was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy.

The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy.

The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy.

The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy.

The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy. The bazaar was held at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and the women who were present were very happy.

Doll Bazaar for St. Mary's Infant Asylum

Friends of the Institution Busy With Plans



At left, Miss Rosemond P. Brady. At right, above, Miss Winifred Gull; below, Mrs. Maudie B. Blackader.

WEDNESDAY THE CARDINAL'S DAY

New England's Prince of Church Resches Fifty-sixth Milestone Pilot's Reference.

The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The Cardinal's Day was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

Saturday and Monday, Afternoon and Evening, Set for an Attractive Sale.

The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The sale was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

MARK 43D YEAR OF GAELE SCHOOL

Commemoration Celebration in Paine Memorial on Thursday Evening.

The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy. The commemoration celebration was a great success and the women who were present were very happy.

BAZAAR OF ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM

Ladies' Association to Be Host at All-Day Party at the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

MEMBERS OF L. C. B. A. ARE ENTERTAINED

Many Activities During the Week Among Greater Boston Branches.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

LEADERS IN THE WORK OF EAST BOSTON L. C. B. A.



Mrs. Mary O'Neill (top), and Mrs. John Kearney

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Ladies' Association of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

CHelsea GUILD PLAN XMAS TREE

Five Hundred Children Are to Be Made Happy by Good Cheer and Gifts.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza. The bazaar will be held from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. and will be a great success. The Chelsea Guild will be the hostess at a bazaar in the Copley-Plaza.

Large Sale of New Books at the World's Book Company, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Here is the way to secure information free, from the AMERICAN'S experts, regarding all real estate matters:

- 1--Write out the question clearly on postal or letter.
- 2--Sign your name and address, and a number under which the reply will appear.
- 3--Forward the query, addressed to the Real Estate Information Bureau, THE AMERICAN.
- 4--Then watch the columns of this section every Sunday.

Sunday, December 5, 191

THIS IS A GOOD
TIME TO BUY
REAL ESTATE

Sale of Vacant Land to Result in New Buildings

[illegible]

A detailed black and white sketch of a large, multi-story house with a complex roofline, multiple chimneys, and a prominent front porch. The house is surrounded by trees and shrubbery, suggesting a rural or suburban setting. The drawing is framed by a simple border.

[illegible][illegible]

The money market a year ago was unusually unfavorable. In August,

It is a two-family house of the better grade of construction. The bedrooms here are smaller in the front part of interiors. The first floor has a comfortable living room with fireplace and double glass doors to the living porch, which will be screened and may be easily glazed for winter use. Large opening into the hall give a sense of spaciousness (even lacking in the small house). There is no pantry, but the kitchen

monthly. When you have accumulated a few hundred dollars, buy out of land in some suburb. Then you can arrange to buy a lot of a native bank loan big enough to build a home.

For the type of house, in your case a two-family structure would be preferable. The expenses involved to the ownership of a single-family house would probably make it

[illegible]

... ..	2	5
... ..	4	4
... ..	3	6
... ..	3	4
... ..	4	4
... ..	5	6
... ..	6	7
... ..	1	1-3
... ..	4	2-4
... ..	4	5
... ..	3	7
... ..	3	4

CONG. CARTER SELLS ESTATE
Congressman William H. Carter has sold to J. Edward Foster of Roseland the property, consisting of a new house and 10,000 square feet of land, located on Central street, Newham. Henry W. Savage, Inc., was the broker.

WEST END.

CHARLES STREET—No 157 Domingo (G)
20 Lott and Amelio. Rent \$9. 1/2
2 - are feet of land, total value \$100.
\$100

JIT & SITT - 37 on 28 Haines
It was W street 34 & 28
to a lot of land with 28
on land, \$20

WEST COXBURY.

LORETT STREET 25 East M P
Shay, France house & 6000

This withdrawal of funds from the mortgage market sharply checked the U. S. operations. Speculators who had purchased land for improvement temporarily abandoned their plans. Housing operations, the financing of which had not yet been

bedrooms, bathroom and air-conditioned sleeping porch. Each of the large bedrooms has two closets. There is also a house closet in the kitchen and a linen closet in the laundry, which is provided with drawers and drop-front cupboards. The third floor contains two full-sized bedrooms and a bathroom with ample closet space.

e. 8.—If your town offers such optional opportunity a first step you should have no difficulty in creating one of the builders there in a nearby town. You ought to be even less difficult in making arrangements with local builders in Boston town, because speculative builders prefer to operate in

L. T.—We are not familiar with developments in the area you are speaking of. I suggest that we make a visit to buy without making a financial investment in the lot yourself and make sure it is as represented. You will be on the safe side.

Machines	7	7
Officers	3	4
Stores	3	8
Wares	3	7
Wool	5	4
Wool and Accessories	5	7-8
Specialties	4	7
Wool and Knitwear	5	8

Used Cars and Accessories. Used Cars and Accessories.

We Must Move

Our Seconds
We Are Compelled to Sell Our Seconds at Cut Prices **BECAUSE**

large shipments have been arriving daily and we need the room. We are overstocked. This is an opportunity worth your consideration. Don't Miss This Wonderful Tire Sale.

FISK-AJAX-EMPIRE-BATAVIA-FIRESTONE

30x3	Excellent value	\$5.80	\$1.60
30x3 1/2	You can't beat this	7.10	1.80
31x3 1/2	Overalls your Ford for	10.00	2.40
32x3 1/2	Special for this sale	11.40	2.40
34x3 1/2	We must move this at	15.15	2.65
35x3 1/2	An overzeal for this 34x3 1/2	15.05	2.65

More Sizes at Cut Prices

30x3	\$2.60	30x3 1/2	\$3.00	30x4	\$3.40	30x4 1/2	\$3.80
31x3	\$2.80	31x3 1/2	\$3.20	31x4	\$3.60	31x4 1/2	\$4.00
32x3	\$3.00	32x3 1/2	\$3.40	32x4	\$3.80	32x4 1/2	\$4.20
33x3	\$3.20	33x3 1/2	\$3.60	33x4	\$4.00	33x4 1/2	\$4.40
34x3	\$3.40	34x3 1/2	\$3.80	34x4	\$4.20	34x4 1/2	\$4.60
35x3	\$3.60	35x3 1/2	\$4.00	35x4	\$4.40	35x4 1/2	\$4.80

WEED CHAINS At Cut Prices

30x3	\$4.00	30x3 1/2	\$4.50	30x4	\$5.00	30x4 1/2	\$5.50
31x3	\$4.20	31x3 1/2	\$4.70	31x4	\$5.20	31x4 1/2	\$5.70
32x3	\$4.40	32x3 1/2	\$4.90	32x4	\$5.40	32x4 1/2	\$5.90
33x3	\$4.60	33x3 1/2	\$5.10	33x4	\$5.60	33x4 1/2	\$6.10
34x3	\$4.80	34x3 1/2	\$5.30	34x4	\$5.80	34x4 1/2	\$6.30
35x3	\$5.00	35x3 1/2	\$5.50	35x4	\$6.00	35x4 1/2	\$6.50

We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

MAIL ORDERS

If not satisfactory may be returned at our expense.

Massachusetts Tire Co.

151 Massachusetts Ave., Near Boylston, Boston, Tel. W. 7582

\$30,000 TIRES \$30,000

SACRIFICED

We must sell every tire at the price of 30 cents to make room for another large shipment. At this season factories are closing out for spot rates, any spot on hand. We are spot cash buyers—no quantity. Our latest quality must be there. Remember we guarantee every tire for your money's worth in mileage or we will make good. All tires fiske good.

Fisk—Pullman—Batavia—Mansfield

Are offered for sale at low prices.

Read these prices, and remember every tire guaranteed perfect casing.

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
30x3	\$3.50	30x3 1/2	\$3.95	30x4	\$4.40	30x4 1/2	\$4.85
31x3	\$3.70	31x3 1/2	\$4.15	31x4	\$4.60	31x4 1/2	\$5.05
32x3	\$3.90	32x3 1/2	\$4.35	32x4	\$4.80	32x4 1/2	\$5.25
33x3	\$4.10	33x3 1/2	\$4.55	33x4	\$5.00	33x4 1/2	\$5.45
34x3	\$4.30	34x3 1/2	\$4.75	34x4	\$5.20	34x4 1/2	\$5.65
35x3	\$4.50	35x3 1/2	\$4.95	35x4	\$5.40	35x4 1/2	\$5.85

Be sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

GEO. GROW TIRE CO.

321-323 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON

TELE. 7022-7021-7022 SACHS BAY

Best Value for Your Money

SALE ON TIRES

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
30x3	\$5.40	30x3 1/2	\$6.70	30x4	\$7.45	30x4 1/2	\$7.75
31x3	\$5.60	31x3 1/2	\$6.90	31x4	\$7.65	31x4 1/2	\$7.95
32x3	\$5.80	32x3 1/2	\$7.10	32x4	\$7.85	32x4 1/2	\$8.15
33x3	\$6.00	33x3 1/2	\$7.30	33x4	\$8.05	33x4 1/2	\$8.35
34x3	\$6.20	34x3 1/2	\$7.50	34x4	\$8.25	34x4 1/2	\$8.55
35x3	\$6.40	35x3 1/2	\$7.70	35x4	\$8.45	35x4 1/2	\$8.75

AUTOS FOR HIRE

REDUCED WINTER RATES

For the winter season, we have reduced our rates for hiring automobiles. We have a large fleet of automobiles, and we are sure to have the right one for you. We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

VULCANIZING

We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

5-PASS. MAXWELL \$125

For the winter season, we have reduced our rates for hiring automobiles. We have a large fleet of automobiles, and we are sure to have the right one for you. We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

DOUBLE-TRUCK TIRES.

We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

SAVE 50%

We are sure to state when ordering whether you want CLINCHER, QUICK-DETACHABLE or STRAIGHT SIDE CASINGS. Goods shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. STEWART TIRE CO. Regular \$5.00. Guaranteed One Year.

Used Cars and Accessories

1914 Hudson "54"

7-Passenger, \$800

THIS CAR IS IN PERFECT CONDITION

1912 Hudson "33"

5-Passenger Touring, \$350

THIS CAR HAS BEEN OVERHAULED

1911 Hudson "33"

5-Passenger Touring, \$235

IF YOU WANT A REAL GOOD CAR

1914 Overland, \$575

5-Passenger, 79-T

THIS CAR IS IN PERFECT CONDITION

Pope-Hartford, \$350.

AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

Stevens AA, \$375

Six Cylinder, 7-Passenger

A REMARKABLE VALUE

1912 Stoddard, \$150

THIS ALFORDS LINE

1912 Kissel, \$210

THIS IS A NEW CAR

1912 Chalmers "36"

5-Passenger Touring, \$225

FROM \$1,200

1912 Stoddard, \$150

FROM \$1,200

1911 Reo, \$125

THIS IS A NEW CAR

Many Other Good

Bargains Not Listed

Touring Cars and Roadsters

\$100 to \$1800

Phone B. B. 5330

or Write Hudson Used Car Dept.

652 Beacon St., Boston

1914 Hudson 5-54

7-Pass. Tour. Car. Perfect Cond.

Limousine Body

7-Pass. Suitable for any large car

1912 Cadillac Roadster

Buick T. C.-17

Enger Motor Sales Co.

Used Car Dept.

1110 Commonwealth Ave.

GOULD'S

All-Steel Garages

Plans and Estimates

1000 Beacon St., Boston

FOR SALE

1915, 5-Pass. Buick Touring Car, All

new, for sale at \$1,200.00

THREE FIELDS GARAGE

1800 CONSUMERS AVE., BOSTON

AUTOMOBILE WANTED.

WILL EXCHANGE

1915, 5-Pass. Buick Touring Car, All

Used Cars and Accessories

George Grow Auto Co.

321-323 Columbus Ave., Boston

Largest Dealer in the Kind in the

1914 Cadillac Touring, \$550

1915 Chevrolet Runabout, \$625

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Reo, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Ford, 5-Pass, \$525

1915 Cadillac Touring, \$525

1915 Buick, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Studebaker, 5-Pass, \$550

1915 Overland, 5-Pass, \$550

DR. COIT TO TALK

ON WAR AT FORUM

Wide Variety of Subjects on Pro-

grams for the Meetings

Tonight

The Boston Club committee have

delivered the first address in

the series of lectures on the

subject of the war at the

forum at the Boston Club

tonight. The subject of the

lecture will be "The War and

the Future of the World."

The lecture will be delivered

by Dr. Coit, who will discuss

the war from a historical

point of view, and will also

discuss the future of the

world. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be

held at the Boston Club

at 8 o'clock. The admission

is free. The lecture will be



Ye Towne Gossip

IF YOU'RE a married man,
YOU GOTTA read it.
AND IF YOU'RE not,
YOU NEEDN'T.
BUT IF YOU ARE
I WANTA ask you,
DID YOU EVER sit around,
AND HELP plan
A TRIP for your wife,
AND EVERY little while,
BAY to some fellow,
WHO WANTED to give a party?
"DON'T DO IT now."
"WAIT FOR . . ."
"AND I'LL GO."
"MY WIFE'LL be away"
AND THE DAY came,
AND SHE went,
AND YOU tried to look and
AT THE train,
AND COULDN'T,
AND CAME in town,
AND FELT free,
AND EVERYTHING,
AND QUIT eating clover,
AND GUM,
AND IT came dinner time,
AND YOU couldn't find anybody
AND HAD to eat,
BY YOURSELF.
AND AFTER dinner,
MEET SOME fellow,
AND SIT around,
AND BIT around,
AND HAVE to go to bed
AND STAY there,
WHEREVER YOU ARE,
TILL IT closes,
AND THEN go home.

TO AN empty flat,
AND HEAR things,
AND BE lonesome,
AND NERVOUS,
AND GET L.I.,
IN THREE or four hour
AND LEAVE
WITHOUT ANY breakfast
AND WONDER why
YOU'RE SO sad,
WHEN YOU'D been waiting
SO LONG,
JUST FOR a chance,
TO GET OUT AMONG 'EM,
DID YOU EVER do that
AND KEEP on doing it,
FOR DAYS and days,
A-D LOST your laundry
AND HAVE to buy shirt
AND HANDKERCHIEFS,
AND COLLARS,
WHEN YOU know you're not alone,
SOMEWHERE,
FOR SIX months,
IF YOU'VE never done it,
TAKE IT from me,
DON'T DO IT,
KEEP HER home,
IT'S LIKE taking a wheel
OFF AN auto,
AND TRYING to drive it,
YOU CAN'T do it,
YOU'VE GOT to have 'em all,
THEY BELONG there.

THANK YOU.

A Picture Story With Just One Word

By Tad



Books for the Fireside

No Silly Frills—But Full of Chilly Thrills

Publisher's Note—These volumes will be found delightful for putting the feet upon. They are also useful for putting not plates on, as they will then prevent the table from being burned.

VOL. IV.

Foolish Folette, or the Flip One's Finish

FOLETTE was a moving picture actress. That is, most of the big companies had refused to give her a job, which, of course, made her one of the profession. Like all the girls in stories of New York, she had a room in the back of a house in the Nolsey Forties.

Previous tells us that she should divert Folette's appearance, but beyond the fact that onlookers alluded to her as "blondie," we can't draw much of a picture of the young lady. Her teeth were capable of making their prey's way through a small article, cents. She was tall enough to look out on one of those soda fountain stools. Her feet were such that she could wear spats without making them look like discarded buckshot shoes. And she had real Havana slippers for those turn-of-mind stockings they were wearing nowadays. Altogether Folette was one of the girls that make life enjoyable for those old boys in the club windows.

Folette, like all the heroines of these stories, had exactly ten cents and a powder puff in her little purse. We don't know how it is, but we've never heard of one of these gay little damsels ever having as much as fifteen cents in her little purse, and none of them ever gets down to a nickel. It must be a sort of property thing, no good for carfare or anything like that. Or perhaps a sort of charm. Were it changed to two nickels or ten pennies, the heroine would vanish like a puff of her own powder, and then where would the story be? Anyhow, it just has to be a dime, and so Folette has exactly one dime in her little purse.

Oh, yes, and the powder puff. That is almost as important as the dime. To a girl like Folette a powder puff takes the place of the male hero's cigarette. When she has to make the doctress between the bright lights and eighteen flaring no, and the readers, gentle and otherwise, are vying with tears in their eyes, hoping she will be a good girl and rooting hard for Harlem—although some of them would go there to live themselves—well, as we were saying, at this great crisis the little girl takes out the puff and calmly powders her nose!

That shows you how little she appreciates the gravity of the situation—and also keeps up her tradition. So Folette had a dime and a powder puff in her little purse. Beyond this, her possessions were limited to the smart clothes she was wearing. Consequently she went out to get work as thereby earn the price of a meal. What could Folette do? Ah, ha, she could be a model.

This decision of Folette's to be a model is a great help to the author. An every experienced reader knows, ninety per cent. of New York's population spend all their time in studies. Studios are the home of Fast Life. They are the antithesis of Harlem. So now we can place right into the real New York stuff.

We admit that we have never been in any studios except—

Oreter Photographs. Therefore, this doesn't deter us in the least from telling you all about Folette's visit to an artist's studio and all about the Fast Life that is found there.

Folette climbed the stairs of the studio building. There was an elevator in the place, but it is a lot more tiring and pathetic to climb the stairs. Out side one of the doors she hesitated for some time and then knocked timidly.



Quickly Cal Worked, and in Twenty-two Minutes He Had Completed One of Those Magazine Covers for Which He was Famous. It Was Called, "From Who?"

"Come in," said a pleasant voice. Accordingly Folette came in. At that she was in a studio. Picture if you can see—the scene that met her eyes. Rich velvet hangings on the walls. Here and there costly bits of ancient armor. Swords, flintlocks, gold and daggers, old weapons of all kinds. Personally, we think the modern brass knuckles as ornamental and romantic a weapon as any of them, but somehow you'll look in vain for a pair of them in any studio. We can't see why a studio is any more romantic just because it was used by some Florentine strong-arm guy to stick up a sucker. That's what the knaus are for. We'll admit that the jolly old mace with a lot of spikes sticking out of it, like the horns on a sprig of bellflower, is a lot more picturesque than a blackjack, although it couldn't have been nearly so effective at close quarters.

On the floor was an antique Daguerrian hand prayer rug, one of the kind that makes you utter a prayer when you hear the price. It had all the glowing colors of the desert where it was made, the desert of—or—the desert where it was made. All around the walls were canvases, most of them portraying goddesses, who, as the rhyme accurately informs us, didn't wear skirts or bodices. It's a peculiar thing about goddesses. We can understand it in the case of Venus, for nobody would feel like rising from the sea with a lot of clinging draperies damply hampering the limbs. In fact, one mightn't be able to rise, might one? But with Diana, now, it's different. Think of all the thorns in one's fetters and the brambles scratching one's shins. No, we can't understand these giddy goddesses girls going around the woods without puttees and corduroy artists. However, they did it, and they attracted artists ever since. A goddess is the very first thing every artist paints—if we include nymphs, who had the same habit, or rather lack of habit, as the goddesses. So far of our observations goes, nymphs man friends, as we believe they are called, bring her chocolates far less frequently after they are engaged than before. It must be that gifts of candy are regarded by them as *sublimus regard* "chumming" which, we understand, consists of

throwing a lot of bait overhead to attract the fish and then yanking them up on the hook.

Needless to say, Folette was delighted with the picture. "Why, it's just like me," she exclaimed. "It's not nearly so pretty," said Cal, with a meaning glance at Folette.

Was the artist falling in love with his little model?

"But come!" said Cal. "It's 5:30 in the afternoon. Ah, Bohemian! Breakfast at 5:30! Ah, youth! Ah, love! Ah, art! Ah, me!"

Cal struck an old Chinese gong and a Nubian slave entered. (He really was a "Jamaica Englishman," but let that pass. Nubia has nothing on Jamaica, anyway.)

"Breakfast, Sepia," ordered Cal.

"Sepia?" said Folette, "what a funny name."

"Yes," replied Cal, "let him Sepia because he's so black."

"And then both of them laughed uproariously at the joke."

(Ah, youth! Ah—but see above for complete list of "ah's.")

Quickly Sepia brought in a table and placed the breakfast dishes on it. He might have placed them underneath it, but that would have Charley Chaplin's story that will not descend to anything slapstick.

There was cold Bismarck herring—not that we ever saw any warm Bismarck herring—and there was pickled cucumber—you know the way it was pickled; nothing against its habit—and there was a cold boiled potato. There was a coffee pot full of beer and a quart of kumstel.

"Water a funny breakfast," said Folette.

"Bacon and eggs, uth!" replied Cal. "Ugh, the middle classness of the middle class. Imagine endless breakfasts of cereals and coffee! Imagine an eternity of boiled eggs! Ugh, the middle class and their breakfasts."

"Art," continued Cal, "art cannot flourish on the food of the bourgeoisie."

"Very true," said Folette. "Art cannot."

(She said "Art" as if it were an abbreviation of Artier.)

Although Folette was very hungry, she couldn't eat very much. She felt badly in need of a bourgeois breakfast, although she would never admit such a thing in a studio. But Cal laughed and chatted merrily.

"Tea or coffee?" he would say, holding the beer in one hand and the kumstel in the other.

"Then both would laugh loudly at the merry jest. (Ah, Bohemian! Ah, youth, etc.)

Conversation in studios, you know, is never banal. It is ever sparkling, even frothy—fruity as a plut of beer from a strange bartender.

"Well, Folette," said Cal after a while, "let us go to a hop joint."

"Don't go, gentle reader. Keep your seat, please. Cal, although Bohemian, was brought up as a gent. He would never, on such short acquaintance, insult a lady."

Folette had started.

"Hop joint?" she exclaimed.

"Sure," said Cal, "tango palace."

And then they both laughed merrily.

"What did you think I meant—a beer saloon?" asked Cal, with another witty play upon the word hop.

And then they both laughed again.

(Ah, youth! Ah! Ah! Ah!)

So they left the studio with its sumptuous furnishings and went down to the street. Here Folette expected to find a luxurious limousine, but no. All the money Cal had was invested in the stock for his studio. Consequently they boarded a car for the "hop joint."

(The further adventures of Folette, the butterfly of the studios, will be told in another volume.)

Sammy's School Days

By J. J. Leibson.

MONDAY.—Was reading about the kangaroo who carried his baby in the fr of his pocket and in got a story like anything. It must make him tired sumthing fierce when he wakes it.

Jim Moesman says he makes up for it when he shakes his head, with is very tired and a tall.

Sure. Just like the hippopotamuses. I bet he must work like any thing when he shakes his head, but he ain't got no tale and he can get even wagging it all the time.

Had a tub full of water platts last week and then five buckets in the hall are nearly empty. The janitor is getting suspicious and says don't let me catch you fillets at them buckets. We won't.

Was kicking to the principal and said we endangered the bldg., but we didn't. If there's a fire we can all shoot it out with our platts.

TUESDAY.—Papa gave me his old dollar watch because it don't tell no more time no more, but its grate for school. It makes a lots noise when you wind it.

Teacher absent and we had a substitute, a very educated lady. The principal told us she knew everything. But she didn't know us, so we had a grate time.

We told her lots funny things and said Jim Moesman was the smartest boy in the class and she believed it.

I had a good time in my front seat just the same as if I was in the back. It didn't make no difference.

WEDNESDAY.—Teacher was gone again so how to tell the name of a tree from a piece of the wood and we all had to be samples.

Me and Harry brung the best lamp in the world and it was awful hard to carry. Teacher was surprised when she came back from lunch and seen all the samples in the class.

But we didn't have them long because pretty soon come the mas from the lumber yard and spoiled everything.

The boys asked me a skout like in war because my seat is next to teachers desk and I gotta give them news from the front, all the examples she's gone out on the examination. But it ain't no fun for me sitting so close. She catches everything I do, and the first thing she got sore at my watch and took it prisoner.

The Thanksgiving play was a grate success. Me and Harry and Jim had the best part of all, because we didn't have to learn nothing by heart and still in the back with Robbie Crosby did all the talking.

Gee he had memorize four pages full of words. Now he knows a lots talk he can do anything with all year until maybe next Thanksgiving and then he'll have to learn it all over.

THURSDAY.—Thanksgiving and no school. We should all be thankful this day.

FRIDAY.—Nearly everybody chewing gum in the class today teacher sore as anything. She said chewing is a bad habit and she wish all the chewing gum factories would go out blue.

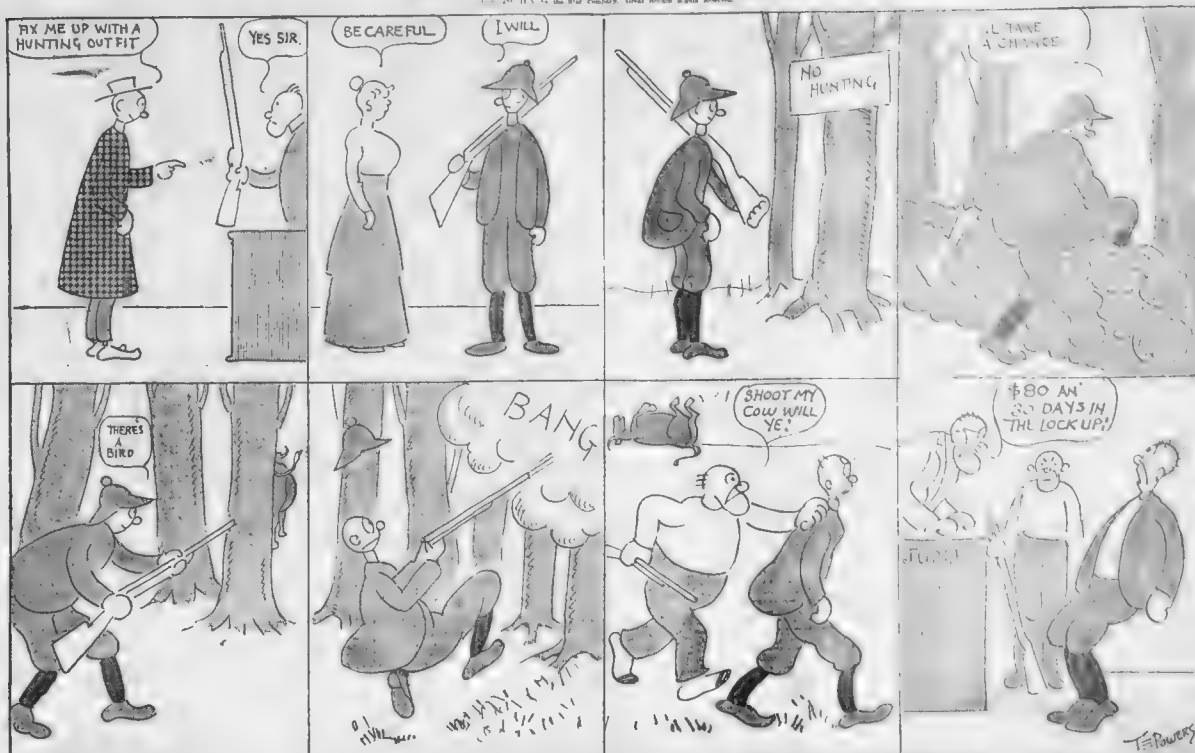
This why we was chewing. There was a fire in a factory where they make chewing gum and this morning a man had a fire ball in front of the school, six pieces for a cent, nearly as good as new. I bet snuff till the fourth day.

No animal poem. Maybe I'll write two next week.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. NOBODY HOLME

By T. E. Powers, the Famous Cartoonist

Junie McCree
The Vaudeville Author
Says



Old Doc. Foozle's Health Series

Your Feet and How to Live with Them

If you are normal your feet will come in pairs. Few people understand their feet, which is very strange, since one cannot have very good understanding without feet. To some fortunate ones, feet are merely to dance on, to climb into autos and bed with, and to wear expensive shoes on. But other people use their feet as a sort of basis of locomotion. When walking, running, dancing, standing or kicking the feet are frequently called into use. Also when swimming.

A great many people use their feet when eating. They wind them around lunch-counter stools, and thus manage to keep their place and use both hands at the same time.

There are other uses for feet, such as keeping chiroplastists busy, enabling grafters to get up barroom dances, ice and roller skating, etc. I merely mention this to impress my patients with the fact that the feet are more or less important.

Your feet are your best friends.

Sometimes our best friends give us a pain! Your feet begin at the ground and grow up to the ankles. Some maintain that they begin at the ankles and grow down to the ground, but this is nonsense. Suppose the ground isn't there? The ankle is always there.

There are many kinds of feet. The natives of the Fiji Islands have bunnet feet; very little babies have bare feet. So do bears.

Some people have extremely small feet. On the other hand the girls from Cook County, Ill., have never been known to blow over, even in the strongest wind that ever blew down Michigan avenue.

Every woman has small feet and high arches. Every woman wears shoes much too large for her. Every woman could wear shoes two or three sizes smaller.

There's no denying this, because every woman admits it. She even hushes on it.

If you would live comfortably with your feet, give 'em a square deal, especially a square-toed deal. If there could be any advantage in having

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. Sent gratis to all who write.

A foot run out into a point like the end of a fence picket, dear old Dame Nature would have made our feet that way.

Be careful of your feet. Did you know that every one admires a neat, trim little foot? Man always looks at a woman's feet—for a moment. Alas, many a trim little foot in the afternoon—a foot encased in a dear little multi-colored No. 34A shoe—went scuffling around the house all the forenoon in No. 4B shoes.

When man gets a shoe that touches his foot he proceeds to become a brute.

When woman gets into a shoe with the aid of a cast-steel shoehorn and a quarter pound of talcum powder, a shoe that piles her toes up like strawberries in a box and hunches her arch and wrinkles her ankles and squeezes the balls of her feet, she trots zally downtown, stands hours shopping, drops into a dancette for some tea and a few dances, and smiles like a home-lin all the while.

Feet are those darn fool things that always step on each other and let in your way when you try to do the fox-trot. They are the things that lead you into the corner end when you ought to go straight home, and then lead your wife into the Simpson Bureau Emporium when she ought to beat it home and get your dinner and save money.

Whenever you go to the seashore, by all means take your feet with you.

If you must wear smaller shoes, have some toes amputated.

Of course, you will probably walk very lame forever after, but what do you care? You have found a way to wear small shoes.

If your feet get tired, why not try sitting down for a while? Very frequently this takes the strain off of them.

Do not toe out. It gives you fallen arches, and fallen arches give you a chance to pay fancy prices for specialists and freak-shaped "corrective" shoes.

All these fancy shoes remind us.

We should be somewhat discreet, Else we'll fall and they will find us.

With these shoes all full of feet!

Fun Found in the News of the Day

OUT in Chicago a eupenic pair got married and went to live on a farm where they will raise prize vegetables.

Whither is this eupenic business directed?

A headline over a little social event in Williamsburg, N. Y., states:

"Near riot After Wedding."

Thought it was a real riot after the wedding.

A woman was shot in Newark the other day. She wouldn't name the man who shot her.

Probably couldn't think of any name bad enough just at that moment.

They're got those European war atrocities skinned alive out in Missouri where a man has just been sentenced to stay sober for three years!

New York man arrested for bigamy gave the excuse that every time he got intoxicated he rushed out and got married.

That ought to be a great drink habit cure.

Tom Edison, our well-known Oranor (N. J.) inventor, while visiting in Los Angeles, Cal., remained in bed fourteen hours. His customary time is five hours.

Is that a knock or boost for Los Angeles?

"Morgan gaining fat"—headline.

Who wouldn't with his money out at interest?

"Women to talk in all theatres," according to a news headline. Or they wouldn't go to theatres.

A Chicago man recently invented a clever point-at-night excuse. He said he was in the "secret service."

But she found out the secret.

Trouble is that these secrets don't stay secret—hence these over-worked divorce judges.

Passaic girl married a man because she thought he was a count, as he wore a silk hat.

But a tile does; (same as title).

We are soon going to be able to telephone to our entire navy when it is at sea.

Who'd want to take her?

And think of the dates the jockies can fix up by phone when nearing a port.

A Utah co. jester hanged himself the other day.

Doubtless it was remorse because he turned on the steam on a cold day.

A colored girl borrowed an electric coupe and ran it all night through Pittsburgh streets.

No claim of capturing her, night or day. Whoever heard of being able to see a colored lady in a black auto on Pittsburgh streets?

THE MORNING SMILE

WEX JONES Editor

BOSTON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1915

Thirty-one Days Hath December

Vol. IV.

Timelock Foams, the Great Detective

The Adventures of the King of the Burglars.

WE were walking slowly along a side street on the way to our modest abode in Foker street. It was after eleven, as we had sent the evening at a concert by Poppleflick, the great diva.

"Timelock," had been foams only a short time.

Timelock, the great detective, suffered all over like a trained bird dog when it was in a place of liver and bacon.

"Timelock," said he in a whisper, "don't move. Not a word on your life."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Timelock," you're a chump. Didn't I just tell you—not a word?"

"Yes, but what's up?"

"Timelock," you're a giantic chump. I just told you. Didn't I tell you to keep quiet? There is dangerous work ahead, and we don't want to alarm our man, so SHUT UP!"

Foams now dropped on his hands and knees and crawled to the corner of a comfortable lock-house.

"Lie down, Timelock, you chump," he hissed at the thrush his nose.

This was a trick of his.

(Lay down, although the fag-ends felt uncomfortable.)

This house is tenanted by a retired crook, Timelock.

"How do you know?" I asked from my recumbent position.

"Timelock," I shall never be able to track you to death."

"Lie down, Timelock, you chump," he hissed at the thrush his nose.

This was a trick of his.

(Lay down, although the fag-ends felt uncomfortable.)

This house is tenanted by a retired crook, Timelock.

"How do you know?" I asked from my recumbent position.

"Timelock," I shall never be able to track you to death."

"Lie down, Timelock, you chump," he hissed at the thrush his nose.

This was a trick of his.

(Lay down, although the fag-ends felt uncomfortable.)

This house is tenanted by a retired crook, Timelock.

"How do you know?" I asked from my recumbent position.

"Timelock," I shall never be able to track you to death."

"Lie down, Timelock, you chump," he hissed at the thrush his nose.

This was a trick of his.

(Lay down, although the fag-ends felt uncomfortable.)

This house is tenanted by a retired crook, Timelock.

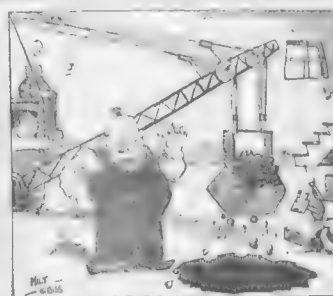
"How do you know?" I asked from my recumbent position.

"Timelock," I shall never be able to track you to death."

"Lie down, Timelock, you chump," he hissed at the thrush his nose.

This was a trick of his.

(Lay down, although the fag-ends felt uncomfortable.)



The Smile's Patent Gift Concealer.

As we both peered around the corner of the house, I saw a man crawling through the cellar window. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground. Timelock was on the ground.

Keep It Dark

Smile's Patent Device for Keeping Christmas Presents a Secret.

Have you ever been in a room where a Christmas present was hidden? The happy ones who have one of these Smile's Patent Gift Concealers will tell you.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Smile's Patent Gift Concealer is a device for hiding Christmas presents. It is a small box that can be hidden in a room.

Triangle Pictures



Boston Theatre.
When a man tries of his wife and she still loves him, there she goes to do about it. Thomas H. Ince's new play, "Matriarchy," one of the Triangle features at the Boston Theatre the coming week, gives Julia Dean the opportunity to convincingly answer this question. First Miss Dean is seen as the fond, all-absorbing wife, and when her husband utterly ignores her for a scatter-brained young thing in a lady attire, the actress loses her equanimity and becomes a lively, enchanting young person, and attracts the attention of many wealthy young men.

This makes her husband up to the fact that he has made a fool of himself, and he attempts to win her back. When the wife realizes that the ignorant husband has learned a lesson she quietly slips back into her domestic role.

"Broken Magic," the title of one of the Triangle comedies gives Raymond Hitchcock even greater opportunities than his first appearance in "Triangle" at the Boston Theatre. As a rich traveler he returns from India, with a collection of reptiles and a scroll of key to magic which he has picked from a Hindu temple. He is able to assist in this film by Isabel Morrison, which humor is extracted from a scene where he describes to Miss Morrison his adventures in gaining possession of the sacred scroll.

Around Chinatown and the mystic and subtle methods of Chinese revenge runs the plot of "The Snake Sorcerer." In this film Tully Marshall depicts all the cunning and malice inherent in Chinese character as John Boy. Thomas Jefferson will be seen as Donald McKinn, a smuggler of opium into this country. One of the thrilling scenes in "The Snake Sorcerer" is the dynamite of a ship in mid-ocean and the total destruction of some 100 Chinamen, who have threatened to expose the methods of the smuggler, to whom they have paid large sums for their entrance into America.

There are some comic surprises in store for you when you see Ford Merzette in "His Father's Postage."

Park Theatre.
Mary Pickford, America's most popular star on the Paramount program, heads the double bill at the Park Theatre for one week, starting Monday, December 6, in "Tess of the Storm Country." In five acts, and is a story of an elemental type of womanhood struggling with modern conditions and the delicate tortures of civilization. Mary Pickford as "Tess" renders a portrayal of inexhaustible fascination. Following on the program is "Jan" in five acts, the adorable Charlie Prentiss, actress, which has been pictured by the Oliver Morosoni-Photoplay Company with Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant as stars, in the Paramount attraction. It is a story of Charles Blackstone, a gay young bachelor, who is hard pressed for funds to operate, and announces a bogus marriage in order to secure additional money which is forthcoming under such conditions. The unexpected arrival a year later of the hoodwinked executor of the estate, Blackstone's inheritance search for a "dummy" spouse, retains Jane, the supernumerary, for the purpose, in consideration of a fee of \$100, and the totally unlooked for expectation of a "baby" on the part of the visitor, enables to make the play one of the classics of modern English light comedy.

Miss Margarette Gallagher, whose engagement has been extended another week by special request, has become very popular with the patrons of the theatre.

Pauline Frederick will be shown the part of the week ending with Wednesday evening in "Bella Donna," a strong dramatic production in five parts. "Bella Donna" is the story of a selfish woman who hesitates not to sacrifice any and all who stand in the way of her ambition. To portray such a character and still retain the sympathy of the audience is a real achievement, and reflects great credit on this distinguished actress.

Edna Goodrich, one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, will make her screen debut the first part of the week in "The Dams of City and Country," "Armstrong's Wife," a Paramount production in five parts. Other photo sessions and musical numbers at each performance.

Modern Theatre.
In Modern Theatre seems to have won the popular note when it comes to housing its compilation of short-run features for each week's bill. This week it keeps up the good work. William Fox presents Anna's greatest tragedy, Robert Munn, assisted by Genevieve Hammer, "The Unfaithful Wife," and the Paramount Pictures offer Theodore Rosin in a photo-dramatic production.

Majestic Theatre.
"The Battle Cry of Peace" enters tomorrow the last two weeks of its run of seven weeks at the Majestic Theatre. Although thousands of Bostonians and New Englanders have already thrilled at the spectacle, the heavy advance sale indicates that there are many more who are determined to see this great preparatory spectacle before it leaves.

tion of R. Phillips Oppenheim's thrilling story, "Mr. Trex of Monte Carlo." The story of "The Unfaithful Wife" concerns the premature burial of a plague victim, an Italian count, who miraculously recovers in the family vault.

One of the bright features of the musical season of 1914-1915 was the recital in Jordan Hall by Miss Ethel Leginska, the fascinating young woman pianist, who is to be heard at the same place in recital next Wednesday afternoon. Miss Leginska met with extraordinary success at her recent appearance in New York and her recital here is looked forward to with much interest. Her program includes works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt.

Ethel Leginska to Appear Wednesday

One of the bright features of the musical season of 1914-1915 was the recital in Jordan Hall by Miss Ethel Leginska, the fascinating young woman pianist, who is to be heard at the same place in recital next Wednesday afternoon. Miss Leginska met with extraordinary success at her recent appearance in New York and her recital here is looked forward to with much interest. Her program includes works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt.

Symphony to Give a Beethoven Work

At stated times, every other year, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the "Choral," appears on the program of the Symphony Orchestra. It will be one of the concert of the season, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, at the Copley Plaza.

For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra. For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra. For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra.

Micha Elman to Appear Here Today

Micha Elman, the most distinguished of Russian violinists, will give a recital in Symphony Hall this afternoon at half-past three. Elman recently appeared here with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and his playing of the Goldmark Concerto was the feature of the concert. His year of retirement from active work has wrought little change in his playing.

Symphony Concert for Pension Fund

For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra. For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra.

Symphony Concert for Pension Fund

For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra. For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra.

Micha Elman to Appear Here Today

Micha Elman, the most distinguished of Russian violinists, will give a recital in Symphony Hall this afternoon at half-past three. Elman recently appeared here with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and his playing of the Goldmark Concerto was the feature of the concert. His year of retirement from active work has wrought little change in his playing.

Symphony Concert for Pension Fund

For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra. For the first time in several years the name of Wagner is absent from the program of a Symphony Orchestra.

Symphony Concert for Pension Fund

SEE THE RABINOFF COMPANY AUGMENTED FOR FINAL WEEK OF GRAND OPERA

Rabinoff Company Augmented by New York Artists for Closing Performance.

The fourth and final week of the short but notable season of opera which has been given to Boston by the combined Boston Grand Opera Company and the Pavlova Imperial Russian Ballet Company is closing tomorrow, and will be distinguished by the presentation of several grand operas and ballet numbers which afternoon devoted to an all-star program at popular prices with the Pavlova and her entire company participating.

The third week was marked by steadily increasing patronage and advance sale and usually all the operas announced for the final week indicate that this really big company will be greeted with crowded houses during the last days of stay here. Upon this final night will rest much of the decision of Director Rabinoff whether permanent grand opera is to be established in Boston.

Three artists of special prominence have been engaged to strengthen the regular forces during the closing week. Mme. Maria Malenkova, the soprano, will be heard in "The Merry Widow" on Friday evening (Thursday night) and "The Song of the Lark" on Saturday evening. Lucie Rata, another tenor, will sing "The Merry Widow" on Friday night and "The Song of the Lark" on Saturday evening.

Thursday evening Giovanni Zenobio will sing the part of the Duke in "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark." The length of this opera prevents a complete list of performers. On Friday afternoon Lucie Rata will sing "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark." On Saturday afternoon Lucie Rata will sing "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Thursday night the "Merry Widow" will be given. The principal roles will be taken by Mme. Malenkova, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Friday night "Aida" will be presented with Lucie Rata, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Saturday afternoon the "Merry Widow" will be given. The principal roles will be taken by Mme. Malenkova, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Sunday afternoon the "Merry Widow" will be given. The principal roles will be taken by Mme. Malenkova, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Sunday evening the "Merry Widow" will be given. The principal roles will be taken by Mme. Malenkova, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."

Sunday night the "Merry Widow" will be given. The principal roles will be taken by Mme. Malenkova, Lucie Rata, and the Russian Ballet. The opera will be followed by the ballet of "The Merry Widow" and "The Song of the Lark."



Here I Am Boys and Girls!

Do you know me?
I'm Little Bo-Peep!
I'm the secret that George Washington Sunshine—
Papa Sunshine—has been talking about.
I'm the surprise he had in store for you!
You didn't guess what it was, did you?
The Sunshine Family like me so well that Papa Sunshine thought they just couldn't get along without me.
They will be glad and you will be glad to know that I am coming to visit boys and girls.

You know I'm really a very valuable member of the family of

FREE DOLLS

In fact, we lived together in the Land of Make-Believe.
I'm all ready to come with NEXT SUNDAY'S AMERICAN, and when you see me I know you won't let me go for anything in the world.

I have a shepherd's crook, two beautiful bonnets and dresses, a gorgeous cloak, all trimmed with ermine, and a handbag.
But that's not all! I'm bringing my

SHEEP

Now, aren't you glad I'm coming to visit boys and girls?
Think of the fun we'll have together. When I come to your house you'll have all my beautiful clothes to dress me up in and my Wonderful SHEEP to play with.

Go to your Papa now and say, "Please, Daddy, I want Next Sunday's American. I want Little Bo-Peep and her Sheep." She is coming

Free With Next Sunday's American



Intimate Peeps at our American Beauties

Nº 9 The Beauty Patch
posed Especially by
Miss Hazel Dawn



Photographs by Campbell Studios
NEW YORK



Copyright 1915, by the Star Company Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Suggestions for Organizing Private Housewives' Pur- chasing Clubs and Buying Direct from the Farmers and Chicken Raisers

Copyright 1915, 1916

New York Detectives Are Trying to Unravel

"If I didn't love you as the Queen I love, and you don't see anything in it, I can't see anything in it," she said. "It's going to be so beautiful that you are sure, especially if you didn't know me, to be in love with me."

So at this time Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt doubt is a mystery. When she is asked to read the letter in the clothes and manner of a woman in the leisure world? There is speculation that she may be an actress out of disguise.

At all events, she has disappeared. She may never be found, or if found, in a place where she would not be recognized. Elsie French Vanderbilt would be a

Mrs. Vincent Astor Writes Community

How We Have Entirely Neglected the Foreign-Born and How the New National Americanization

By Helen Astor (Mrs. Vincent Astor)

Member of the Executive Board of the National Americanization Committee

Mrs. Vincent Astor Caught Unexpectedly by a Flashlight Photographer in the Midst of Her Work Sorting Out Garments for the Poor During "Bundle Day"

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL FILM CO

THOSE who took part in Bundle Day in New York last winter and saw the immigrant mothers and babies that came there for clothing were in a way getting an insight into the most serious question before America to-day—how to make these people American and to share our opportunities with them.

This is one of the most interesting phases of the work of the National Americanization Committee—the women and children and homes of our immigrants. Nobody is paying much attention to them—the interest is all for the men and for citizenship and for preparedness. But we shall never get anywhere as a nation until our immigrant women are taught English and are naturalized and until their homes are made American.

Our committee knows there are in New York State alone 148 cities and towns with a population of 2,500 or over. And 125 of these have a foreign-born population which is over 10 per cent of the whole. In some cities much higher—in New York City, for instance, 40 per cent, in Albany 28 per cent, in Buffalo 28 per cent, Rochester 27 per cent, Syracuse 25 per cent, and so on. And besides these there are camps and quarries and canneries and mines and brickyards where the workers are almost all if not entirely immigrants. Here there are living quarters for the workers, but nothing that you could properly call a "community" at all; certainly not an American community.

You can see what this means—means that from one-tenth to one-half of the homes in our most important industrial towns are not American homes at all. And presumably good American citizens will never come out of them, no matter how many night school classes we establish—unless the women are helped too. And Americanizing the women is a very different matter from Americanizing the men. If you ask about it in the right way you can get foreign-born men to come to classes in the evening. They are used to going somewhere outside—to their job at least. But immigrant women are not used to going out at all. They do not have to be shown that their "place is in the home." They stay there with very great persistence. And this means that we shall have to carry America to them. Americanization parties or Americanization classes are not enough. Immigrant women are afraid to come; it is all so new and strange.

The immigrant woman bakes and washes and cleans and cares for her home; raises children; she supplements the income by taking work home; she takes boarders. She is the slave of all work; she forms the dull old-world background of her American family—who often become ashamed of it and of her. She does not know English; she gets the leftovers of America from her progressive family; she does not become Americanized, she does not absorb new ideas and ideas; she learns little about American foods and about ways of caring for her children in the new and very different climate. She knows nothing about American weather, and will try to keep the first cold winds of autumn out of the house as much as she would try to keep out the plague. She knows nothing about American vegetables, American housekeeping implements, American stores. Is it odd that she sometimes puts them to strange uses? She does not even know American money. Is it odd that she often appears impoverished in her way of spending it—especially if the "installment plan" expert reaches her, as he very often does? Above all, she does not know English, and this postpones indefinitely an acquaintance with America ways.

Poor Mother! Left Alone and Neglected

It is not unusual after fifteen years in this country to find English spoken by every member of the family but mother, and American clothes worn by all but mother. Even this superficial distinction closes many doors to her. The no-motile is left to her mother. She becomes a reactionary force in the Americanization life of the family. Yet when the husband passes tests and enters citizenship she becomes a self-neglected citizen also and her children enter with him—all prepared but the mother.

In many cases immigrants haven't very much to say about the place or the conditions in which they live. Take the thousands of immigrant families working on farms throughout the country. Many a farmer with an entirely up-to-date and sanitary chicken house and pigeon houses his immigrant workman in any dilapidated shack that does not have to be used for something more necessary. Often a single immigrant family is isolated on a distant farm, with no community influences, no neighbors and no connection whatever with the American family in the farmhouse. The hours of work are long and uncertain. There is no time and no opportunity for recreation.

The result is that the American family that employs them and the nearest town—which may be ten miles off—come to know the immigrant man at the barn and the alien immigrant woman in the kitchen as a solid pair that work heavily on through the week and then quite as heavily through many miles to the nearest saloon for merry on Saturday night. This the American benevolently receives as an old world peasant ideal of recreation, and passes it over, so long as the man reports at the barn in the morning and the woman re-

ports to the kitchen in time to get the breakfast.

And in many an industrial town it is just about the same. We all know some little town in which somebody has bought a lot of ground, built a big mill or foundry and in a month's time hired from a hundred to thousands of employees. Perhaps it was a nice conservative little New England village before that—with just enough houses for a conservative little New England population. When the avalanche of workmen arrive with their families they simply have to get under cover wherever they can. Probably the company has tried to provide for them by buying up as many houses or shacks as it can. But there are not enough company houses to go around, although the rent is from \$8 to \$12 a month.

So every family, accommodating neighbors from the old country, and meeting the plain necessity of the situation, takes from two to twelve boarders. But country houses are not adapted to boarders, who therefore mix indiscriminately with the family. On our public works and elsewhere men work in night shifts. Why build more shacks when three sets can be run through one house hold? The men by law therefore work sixteen or eighteen hours, cooking and caring for these different shifts of men.

Take Barren Island for instance, which is a part of New York City. The island has no industry, the disposal of New York City's garbage; and the foreign workmen in the several plants with their families make up the population of the island. There are three kinds of houses here. A row of one-story concrete houses on the west side rent for \$8 to \$10 per month. On the east side are frame houses containing one or two apartments consisting of from one to five rooms and rent for from \$8 to \$15 a month. There is also a second rate place of \$3 per month, and the workman can build his own house.

How Can Good Americans Come from Such Environment?

A great many of the houses are built on a tilted creek and water is reached but a few feet below the surface. With one exception all are single-story and of frame construction. One room is used for the family bedroom. Another bedroom, kitchen and dining-room and also contains a cot for a boarder, while the other two are also occupied by boarders. Although each room has a window, some are broken and the openings are covered with paper.

In one bedroom two double beds and a cot were found close together—accommodations for six people take less than 300 cubic feet of space for each. The tarpaper covered roofs frequently leak, but repairs are long delayed. No uniform plan of construction or street layout was followed and the houses appear here and there in a haphazard fashion separated only by narrow winding alleys. The inside walls are frequently not painted and the woodwork is unfinished.

Tumble-down, rickety fences, made of old boards, old pieces of wood, tin sheets, and discarded bed springs, enclose each house and yard. The land in front of the house is used as a small garden, while the yards are covered with old, neglected wood-sheds, drift-wood, chicken droppings. There is not much incentive to home-making in such houses; and if there were, how could it be done? The women are on the dumps all day; they have from two to ten or more children, and even one to ten boarders are promiscuously lodged and have their clothes washed and meals cooked, the boarder furnishing the food. It is a case where the woman's work is never done, where there can be no home life for the children. There are no modern sanitary appliances on the island. The houses are built on the ground and in stormy weather the few cellars there are quickly filled with water. Drainage is unknown and public collect between the houses. In one place in New York City where garbage could be collected at the least cost, it is not collected at all.

The houses on the east side are supplied from a deep well from the plant of one of the companies, and a narrow run to these houses with a goose-neck connection for each. The residents claim that the water does not taste good and that they have to drink beer instead. Nearly all the houses on the west side obtain water from shallow wells.

It hardly seems strange that immigrant women do not learn American ways or American standards of living under these conditions. But they do learn to observe these things when they are shown how. For instance, for the last few months there has been a resident nurse on Barren Island to help the immigrant mothers and housekeepers in last these ways. And the nurse she has accomplished prove that all these women needed was some one to tell them about the American standard of living. The nurse has shown mothers that sick babies must not be fed on cabbage. She has shown them simple remedies which will save the lives of very sick babies. During this last week the nurse reports having visited twelve sick babies and shows the mother what to do with them.

This is a very good kind of Americanization—this matter of saving babies. I hope there will be citizenship classes for their fathers. And I hope their brothers and sisters will learn our American civic ideals and grow up all-American in their attitudes and their ideals.

But unless the babies are saved, and unless the immigrant mother learns that cabbage and beer at the age of six months will not produce American citizens of the first order, and that Southern European housekeeping will not fit American climates and American standards, we shall not have American homes and the kind of citizens that American homes produce.

Naturalization for the men and good citizenship leagues and training camps for foreign-born citizens, and all these forms of Americanization, are very important, indeed, but they are still not enough. They should be connected in some direct and practical way with Americanizing immigrant women and immigrant homes. And every one we talk of "preparedness" the point should be that we are not a prepared nation, and will not

An Immigrant Woman Kept in a Tin Boiler Through a Summer She Did Not Know to Keep This From Voter from Heat Here is a Field of Women to Do Civic Missions Mrs. Vincent This

be, so long as many of these conditions of illiterate mother, English. And every time we must bear in mind that nation so long as we are these mothers to sacrifice climate, food and other element which they do not want. Committees organized in other meet a great deal of time and mean a great deal with very little result. The Immigration Committee is a big and through its work it has migrant community before, domestic educator of nurses doing done now at Barren pervasion of boards of heat supported by each industry. But taking care of babies these educators or felt they will do to transfer

Recent Photograph of



Immigrants

Mother and Her Little Ones Committee Will Try to Teach Them American Standards and American Ideals and Help to Make Them Real Americans

Who Was
Water All
Because
er Vay
eric in
ation.
ican
tri-
k.

lies contain
do not speak
"efficiency"
an efficient
thousands of
each year to
their environ-

those or an-
—some of a
great deal
usion, often
al American-
alized group,
in every im-
it is out a do-
work that is
under the im-
and schools, and
the only duty
vitors. What
vices to immi-

cent Astor

grant women in terms of practical housekeeping. Many an immigrant woman doesn't even know what an American dustpan is. In Europe she was used to doing her cleaning by throwing a pail of water over the stone court, and so she does the same thing in her "flat" here, and wonders why her neighbors below object, and why the agent comes to threaten her with eviction if she does it again.

The visitors will show the women how to cook, how to sew, why the children will get along better with buttons than with pins, why window screens are important, why the children should not sleep in close rooms covered with pillows—and a hundred other things of direct importance to the life of that immigrant family. They will take the women to market, show them how and what to buy, explaining the puzzling American money—and the need of saving some of it!

The National Americanization Committee is prepared to help every community that needs such help in its work. It has just secured the services of Dr. Caroline Hedger, of Chicago, one of the promoters and for years at the head of the Chicago Baby Welfare Campaign, to supervise the starting of such work in immigrant communities through the country and help direct and standardize it. She is also to be in charge of a new division for educational work among immigrant women to be started by the United States Bureau of Education.

Out in California the Board of Education has already been doing this work. It has appointed domestic educators, and is following out the work in cooperation with the California Commission of Immigration and Housing. And Boston, through its public school system, is now planning afternoon classes for immigrant women.

It is the business of the public schools to produce good American citizens. And making immigrant women into good American housewives (and incidentally teaching them English) is a necessary part of the work of the public school system in every community with an immigrant population. Many of our schools already have equipment for domestic science and sewing and other forms of "household arts." These "arts" should be extended to the homes of immigrants, where curricula they will do as much as they could do anywhere else to maintain American standards of living and form an appropriate background for American citizens.

How to End the Menace of the Hyphenated American

Even in places where public schools have not this rather advanced equipment and cannot set taxpayers to pay for nurses and teachers, other social agencies, such as women's clubs and libraries and welfare societies and churches, would gladly co-operate, giving space and money and volunteer teachers to make the plan possible—until the public school system sees where the work really belongs.

In spite of the decrease in immigration, the necessity for this kind of Americanizing is going to be, perhaps, even greater this year than it has been before. The sudden growth of communities about munitions plants and factories and the great increase in property values will raise two very important questions: How to provide decent moral and living conditions in these homes that are built overnight and how to teach the mothers thrifty and the fathers how to invest their savings in American homes and lands. If they are to become citizens they will be the more loyal for a real American stake in the bank or in a home. Sometimes, of course, immigrants are too much! Dr. Hedger has told us of how an immigrant mother bent the children when their clothes were out, because it means taking money from the hoard, and how mothers have been known to half starve not only their children but

themselves in order to hoard a little more every week. The difficulty is they do not know on what things to save and where to spend.

The National Americanization Committee is going to join hands with the American Bankers' Association in its thrift campaign and carry it into the immigrants' homes. But it is the women who save, and it is useless to put ideas and appeals even into pay envelopes unless they are made intelligible to the woman who buys the supplies, mends the clothes and is in charge of the savings generally.

It is a sound principle that when the immigrant has a little home (if it is a real return on his investment and not a real estate dealer's opportunity) or a little property or money in America, he has, in a way, cast his material lot in America. The effect is good. It has a pretty direct connection with the whole sense of belonging and with citizenship. The immigrant mother will be a real factor in bringing this about—if she can be shown how.

American Women's Mistaken Ideas of Their Duty

The National Americanization Committee appeals to American-born women throughout the country to aid in the Americanization of our foreign-born women by helping us to give them an American standard of living, and to provide domestic educators to show them the way to this standard. But the friendly visiting cannot be left entirely to the domestic educators!

If each American woman with her full opportunities and resources undertook to see that four immigrant families were made into good Americans, rare prejudices and race divisions would soon be things of the past. And such problems as unemployment, illiteracy, excessive infant mortality, and perhaps petty crime would be greatly lessened.

This work of Americanization is going to depend largely for its success upon the assistance contributed by individuals, in their own way. The assimilation of our immigrant population and the smiting of America for not in the last analysis an organization matter at all. We shall hardly fulfil our patriotic duty to America, our Christian duty to women and our ideal of ourselves solely by "organized effort." We have been rather prone to believe that we can meet all our responsibilities to our neighbors and to society if we are members of committees. If we are hoars at entertainments, if we buy tickets for a benefit, if we attend a course of lectures on immigration, if we are on a board of charity—anything so long as we do it in the company of others.

It becomes respectable and entertaining and furnishes an excellent dinner topic. We thus secure the satisfaction of acquitting our responsibility to our fellow man by buying a ticket to a benefit, and our satisfaction in an excellent evening of dancing with a good orchestra. The values are pretty well mixed. This organized service leads us into bribery and deceit, extravagance and waste, because we seldom know the exact cost, or the disposal of our funds. Treasurers do not account to purchasers and sometimes not to the beneficiaries. Why not go back to some of the simple Christian virtues and to more individual work? The immigrant neighbor is a good starting point.

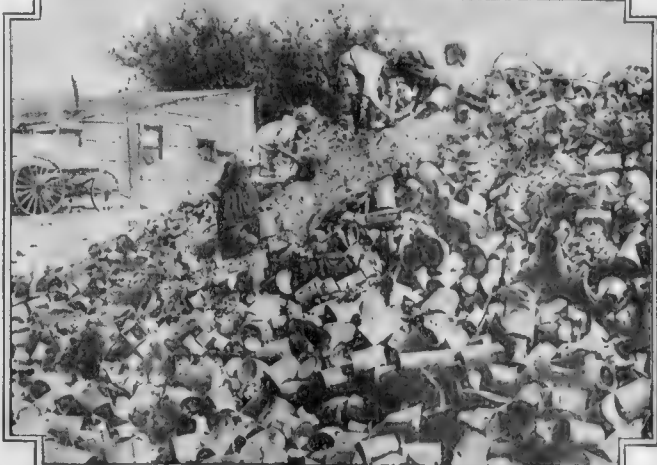
And in addition to this, women can contribute in no better way to the patriotic movement that is sweeping over our country now. Never more than now has the spirit of America been aroused. As the Americanization movement develops in many communities of the country, the Americanization of immigrant homes and the promotion of American standards of living everywhere will become increasingly important. It is work that women are well fitted to do, and that all American women will want to help do.



Group Around a City Refuse Cart on Barren Island—Not an Inspiring Environment for Young American Citizens and Their Immigrant Mothers



This is a Typical Home of an Immigrant Family Visited by Mrs. Vincent Astor—Not the Best Sort of Fountain Head for Patriotic American Citizenship



Searching the "City Dump"—Mrs. Astor Suggests That the Women of America Might Well Give Attention to the Little Future American Citizens and Find Something Better for Them to Do

(These Photographs Are by Jessie Tarbox Beals)

The National Americanization Committee, and What It Is Trying to Do

THE National Americanization Committee was born at a dinner given by Mrs. Vincent Astor at her home, No. 121 East Twenty-eighth street, in New York, October 18 last. Twenty-five prominent Americans, interested in patriotic and humanitarian movements, were present. An organization whose guiding principles are threefold—"America first," "the English language first" and "efficiency"—was the result.

The chief aims of the committee were declared to be:

- To promote loyalty to the United States.
- To facilitate the nationalization of foreign-born and native-born citizens.
- To unite foreign-born and native-born citizens in training camps.
- To promote the general use of the English language in this country.
- To conserve the labor supply and prevent labor wars.
- To bring about these much-to-be-desired ends it was

proposed to form classes for instruction in the English language and in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

It was also proposed to work in connection with government institutions and colleges for the training of immigrant workers.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, announced a course in training of adult immigrants for citizenship will be added to the curriculum of that university. President Hadley, of Yale, and President Wheeler, of the University of California, approved the aims of the committee, and especially in so far as collegiate extension work for the education of immigrants in English and citizenship is concerned. Public meetings and conferences for the furtherance of the committee's plans were considered. Posters of striking design, including the motto, "America First," were declared to be a desirable medium of propaganda.

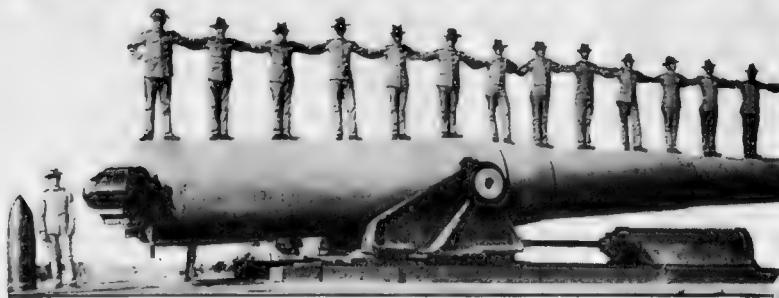
and it was determined that 75,000 of these should be displayed in stores, factories, school libraries and post offices throughout the country. A working fund of \$100,000 it was decided would be necessary, and \$25,000 of the amount was subscribed during the evening. The rest, it was announced, was assured.

Frank Trumbull, a director of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, was elected chairman and Miss Frances A. Keller vice-chairman. These with Percy R. Pyne, second vice-president, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, William Fellows Morgan, Felix M. Warburg and William Spruille Morgan, constituted the official board and executive committee. D. F. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education; State Commissioner of Education John H. Philby, Commissioner of Education of Missouri; Thomas A. Edison, Mayor John Purroy Mitchell, Dr. Abraham Jacob, Charles H. Mackay, Robert Bacon, Henry P. Davidson, Myron T. Herrick, John H. Moore,

of the United States Navy; Rodman Wanamaker, General Leonard Wood and Benjamin H. Wheeler are among the members of the committee.

Offices have been opened at No. 20 West Thirty-fourth street, and the work is being vigorously pushed. Mrs. Vincent Astor, the wife of one of America's wealthiest and most patriotic and public spirited young men, and herself a member of the Dinwiddie and Huntington families, among the oldest in America, paid a visit to Barren Island to investigate conditions of immigrant labor. Among the dumps of that desolate region, where the city's garbage is emptied, and peopled chiefly by immigrants, laborers and their families, she studied the lowest stratum of life in America. There she had photographs taken of the phases of that life that most poignantly impressed her, especially of the babe whose mother kept it sitting all day in a tub of water because it was a warm day. Her impressions of that visit and her deductions therefrom appear in the article she has written for this newspaper.

BIGGEST GUN ON EARTH! It's Curs



Remarkable Picture of the New Monster 16-Inch Coast Defense Gun and Its Crew. Photo Taken at the Testing Grounds of Sandy Hook.

The First of the New Coast Defense Monsters Arrives in New York Harbor and is Being Tried Out to See if the Giant Will Do All That is Expected of It

THE biggest gun in the world has just arrived in New York harbor. It is being nursed and petted and encouraged and urged not to see if there is anything wrong with it and to make sure that it will do all that it is expected to. This is the first of the giant coast defense guns which will eventually be scattered around the harbor defense of our big coast cities and the Panama Canal.

It is the biggest gun ever constructed. Some of the great German cannons are of slightly larger calibre, but they are mortars, a different kind of weapon, and do not weigh nearly so much.

There are to be many of these huge guns, according to the War Department's present plans. Seven of them are to be mounted in the forts that guard the entrance of the Panama Canal. Just how many will be provided for the coast defenses of the United States proper is as yet a government secret, but an official board quite a while ago reached the conclusion that eighteen should be mounted for the protection of New York City. Also it recommended that ten should be employed at San Francisco, eight at Boston and four at Hampton Roads to defend the entrance of Chesapeake Bay.

It is now fully realized that the 16-inch guns which furnish the main armament of our seacoast fortresses are not powerful enough. A battle-cruiser of the Queen Elizabeth type could take up a position beyond reach of their projectiles and, with her rifle of superior range, destroy a large part of New York.

Evidently, then, our forts must have bigger guns. The new ones of which the giant just arrived at

Sandy Hook is a type) will be of sixteen-inch calibre, and will throw an explosive projectile eight miles farther.

An idea of the enormous size and effectiveness of this new gun is best conveyed by comparing it, point for point, with the twelve-inch weapon.

The twelve-inch gun is forty feet long. The length of the sixteen-inch breech-loading rifle is nine inches short of fifty feet.

The twelve-inch gun weighs fifty-seven tons. The weight of the sixteen-inch monster is 130 tons more than twice as great.

The twelve-inch gun throws a 1,000-pound shell thirteen miles. The projectile discharged by the sixteen-inch gun weighs 2,600 pounds, and is thrown twenty-one miles.

The firing charge of the twelve-inch gun is 520 pounds of smokeless powder. For the sixteen-inch gun it is 654 pounds. The shell of the twelve-inch gun carries an explosive charge of sixty pounds of high explosive. That of the sixteen-inch gun carries 120 pounds.

It may be added that the projectile discharged by the sixteen-inch rifle, weighing more than half a ton, is nearly as tall as a man when stood on end or to stick with practice, five feet 4 inches high. At a distance of three miles it will strike with an energy of 90,000 foot-tons enough, as it is reckoned, to smash a battleship at one blow.

The monster gun here described was built by the War Department at Watervliet, N. Y. Thence it was sent a while ago to Sandy Hook. From Sandy Hook it was recently shipped back to Watervliet in order that it might receive some minor alterations and improvements.

Just what it is to be shipped to is not known. It is being accomplished the gun

was sent to Watertown (near Boston), where the Government maintains what it calls a "carriage factory"—meaning a place where the gun and carriage would work together properly, and finally (a few days ago) the carriage and gun were shipped to Sandy Hook.

A trail of specially constructed flat-cars was required for their transportation; and orders were issued by the railroad officials to have all lights in the Hoosick Tunnel extinguished while the war-freight was passing through, lest the presence of such great masses of steel cause a short circuit and set fire to the trail.

On reaching Sandy Hook, the gun was placed on its carriage, with the help of powerful machinery ready at hand, and thus made ready for the "firing test." It must be fired several times, to be sure that nothing is wrong with it, and then no time will be lost in forwarding the giant weapon to the isthmus.

From the wharf at Sandy Hook the gun and carriage will be transferred by a wrecking derrick to lighters, which will convey them to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where huge cranes will pick them up and place them on the deck of a freight steamer.

Launched fast to her dock, as a precaution against damage in a possible storm, they will make the voyage to the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railroad, at Colon. The railroad will carry them on flat cars across the isthmus and the gun will be mounted in an emplacement of one of the forts of the Panama end of the canal. In order to realize the size of the transportation job, one should understand that the war-carriage of the giant gun weighs something like 400 tons. It is of the "disappearing" type (built at a cost of \$15,000), and its counterweight alone is as heavy as the weapon is lowered and raised between shots—is bit heavier than the gun itself.

The constructional ingenuity of this carriage may be judged from the fact that it must endure, without breaking or straining any of its parts, the most tremendous explosive shocks, meanwhile, between shots, lowering the gun eight feet to the loading position and returning it to the firing position. It must do this rapidly, certainly, and easily, by mechanism not liable to get out of order and readily operated by the average soldier.

The performance is comparable to that of a 10-ton locomotive and tender, running twenty miles an hour, which should be required to come to a full stop within sixteen feet, or one-third of its length, yet so easily and gently as to suffer not the slightest jar.

In the face of the explosion each time the gun is discharged is better realized when it is explained

A Projectile Shot from the New 16-Inch Gun at Sandy Hook Could Shatter the Largest Building in New York City, 14 Miles Away and Likewise Could Destroy the Largest Battleships in the Fleet of an Invading Enemy.

There it was placed upon the carriage which had been newly made for it, and subjected to a "shock test," to make sure that the gun and carriage would work together properly, and finally (a few days ago) the carriage and gun were shipped to Sandy Hook.

A trail of specially constructed flat-cars was required for their transportation; and orders were issued by the railroad officials to have all lights in the Hoosick Tunnel extinguished while the war-freight was passing through, lest the presence of such great masses of steel cause a short circuit and set fire to the trail.

On reaching Sandy Hook, the gun was placed on its carriage, with the help of powerful machinery ready at hand, and thus made ready for the "firing test." It must be fired several times, to be sure that nothing is wrong with it, and then no time will be lost in forwarding the giant weapon to the isthmus.

From the wharf at Sandy Hook the gun and carriage will be transferred by a wrecking derrick to lighters, which will convey them to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where huge cranes will pick them up and place them on the deck of a freight steamer.

Launched fast to her dock, as a precaution against damage in a possible storm, they will make the voyage to the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railroad, at Colon. The railroad will carry them on flat cars across the isthmus and the gun will be mounted in an emplacement of one of the forts of the Panama end of the canal. In order to realize the size of the transportation job, one should understand that the war-carriage of the giant gun weighs something like 400 tons. It is of the "disappearing" type (built at a cost of \$15,000), and its counterweight alone is as heavy as the weapon is lowered and raised between shots—is bit heavier than the gun itself.

The constructional ingenuity of this carriage may be judged from the fact that it must endure, without breaking or straining any of its parts, the most tremendous explosive shocks, meanwhile, between shots, lowering the gun eight feet to the loading position and returning it to the firing position. It must do this rapidly, certainly, and easily, by mechanism not liable to get out of order and readily operated by the average soldier.

The performance is comparable to that of a 10-ton locomotive and tender, running twenty miles an hour, which should be required to come to a full stop within sixteen feet, or one-third of its length, yet so easily and gently as to suffer not the slightest jar.

In the face of the explosion each time the gun is discharged is better realized when it is explained

that its firing load of smokeless powder (666½ pounds) is equivalent, in energy developed, to 1,225 pounds of ordinary black powder.

One can easily imagine what eighteen such guns could do for the defense of New York, or ten of them for that of San Francisco, against a hostile fleet—especially in view of the fact that, as reckoned by experts, one gun on land is equal to six on ships, calibre for calibre, owing to better protection and steadiness of platform.

This wonderful sixteen-inch rifle, emplaced at the Battery, on the south end of Manhattan island, could throw shells far beyond New Rochelle on the Sound. Tuckahoe and Hastings-on-the-Hudson would be within easy range. Its shells would pass far above Staten Island and fall half a mile beyond Atlantic Highlands. Perth Amboy could easily be wiped off the map, and residents of Monclair might hear the huge projectiles roaring overhead, to fall three miles distant in the valley beyond. Paterson would be within easy reach, with four miles to spare.

With a range of twenty-one miles a projectile from this gun would mount nearly six miles into the air, reaching a height of 36,516 feet—an altitude at which no human being can get enough oxygen for his lungs to keep him alive.

If Plum's Peak (14,921 feet) were placed on top of Mount Blanc (15,779 feet), midway between the Battery and Hastings-on-the-Hudson, the projectile fired from the Battery would land at Hastings after passing clear over them both with 654 feet to spare!

The giant gun is to be mounted at the Pacific end of the canal, because that entrance is deemed more open to attack by a hostile fleet than the Atlantic entrance. The forts there located have been built on four islands, most conveniently situated for the defensive purpose, which were purchased by the War Department from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

On each of these islands is a fort, and each fort will be provided with one sixteen-inch gun of the type here described. The islands have been connected with each other, and also with the mainland by causeways of solid concrete. In fact, as designed, the four forts are interconnected in a single system, and even if an enemy were to capture one of them, he could be driven out by concentrating the guns of the others upon it.

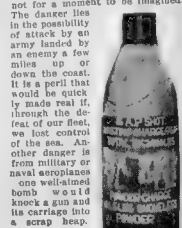
On the seaward side of each fort and an inclined plane of concrete rises from the shore with a low and low slant toward the mainland. This is covered with several feet of earth, turfed so as to present the appearance of a grassward. To casual observers would appear that beyond there are concealed pits concealing formidable guns. Each fort consists of several gun-mounts. It is a series of holes in the ground, with the escape for a road; there is nothing for an enemy to shoot at.

There will be in each fort several fourteen-inch guns—very formidable weapons, corresponding in size and power to the largest rifles carried by the ordinary gunship. They are, therefore, will be, on each of the four islands, a battery of four mortars, similarly emplaced. They are short rifled guns of twelve-inch calibre, meant for high-angle stress and to see them an enemy would have to be in a balloon. Such a

mortar is thirteen feet long, uses a powder charge of 1½ pounds, and throws an 800-pound shell over five miles. One such projectile landing on the deck of a dreadnaught would be likely to put her out of action.

The forts at the Atlantic entrance of the canal are three in number, and are situated on the mainland. In other respects their arrangements and armament are much the same. Each of them is to be provided with one giant sixteen-inch rifle.

The seven huge guns thus provided for the defense of the Panama Canal would alone be sufficient to "stand off" the most formidable fleet. Constructed, as they are, in accordance with the very latest military ideas, and armed as they will be, the forts here described are expected to be practically impregnable. That they will ever be required by attack from the sea is not for a moment to be imagined. The danger lies in the possibility of attack by an army landed by an enemy a few miles up or down the coast. It is a peril that would be quickly made real if, through the defeat of our fleet, we lost control of the sea. An other danger is from military or naval airplanes, one well-aimed bomb would knock a gun and its carriage into a scrap heap.



The Size of a Charge of Powder and Shell for the New Gun Compared to a Man



Disease Germs in Roasted Chestnuts

How the Street Corner Chestnut Man's Outfit Closely
Resembles the Bacteriologist's Germ Incubator
and Catches the Filth and Disease
Germs of the Street Air and Incubates Them
Under Just the Right Conditions to Develop a Full Crop

Colonies of Dust Germs As Seen Under the Microscope on Particles of
Dust. (From Dr. Prudden's "Dust and Its Dangers.")



The First Act of the Chestnut Vender Is to Cut Through Nature's Protecting Shell So As to Afford Easy Entrance of Disease Germs Into the Favorable Culture Medium of the Soft Pulp of the Chestnut. When He



The Bacteriologist's incubator Where Germs Are Developed Under Very Much the Same Conditions As in the Chestnut Vender's Roasting Pan.

But When the Chestnuts Are Cooked the Lid Is Taken Off the Pan, the Fire Is Allowed to Die Down, and Just Enough Heat Is Maintained to Keep the Chestnuts Warm—the Average Temperature Is About 80 to 104 Degrees F. Now

It Is That the Chestnuts are Reinfected from the Street Dust and Filth and the Germs Are Incubated to Full Development.

WHEN the New York Health Department adopted the following food regulation, they meant well: "No food intended for human consumption shall be kept, sold, offered for sale, displayed or transported unless protected from dust, dirt, filth and other contamination; nor shall any food intended for human consumption be deposited or allowed to remain within a distance of two feet above the surface of any sidewalk, street, alley or other public place, or the floor of any building where exhibited, unless the same shall be contained in boxes or other receptacles."

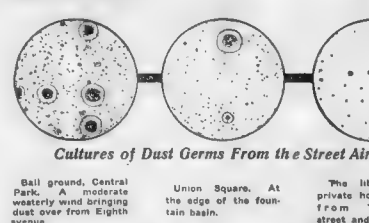
But just as under the microscope law there are more New York dusts without muzzles than with muzzles, so there are many kinds of food sold every day unprotected from disease germs which blow about the streets and whiff around noses every time the floor is swept. Perhaps the most remarkable evasion of the Health Board's worthy tale comes from the chestnut vender. This innocent and innocent street corner curstone merchant has, curiously enough, managed to contrive an incubator for germs of filth and dust which can hardly be improved upon. The chestnut vender happens to have an equipment which is about as good as a bacteriologist's incubator, in which, under the most favorable circumstances, the doctor is able to raise a brood of germs from the culture from your throat.

As long as chestnuts are left in their natural state, with the bark, or peeling, on them, they are well protected against germs. When the chestnut vender cuts a little slit in the shell of the chestnut, which he always does before roasting, he probably admits a bunch of germs from the filthy air of the street. But these germs are very quickly roasted to death in the hot pan. If the vender takes the hot chestnut out of the pan and puts them away under the usual dirty woollen cloth to keep them warm, he probably inoculates more or less of the chestnuts with germs from the air. This, however, is not the most serious part of what he does. It is the wide-spread habit all over the city for the chestnut vender to let his fire die down as soon as the chestnuts are roasted. He removes the cover of the roasting pan and exposes the chestnuts to the swirling breezes of the dust-laden air of the streets and gutters. He then just enough heat in his roaster to keep the chestnuts at about the right temperature to successfully incubate the maximum number of germs.

Experiments and tests recently made (but not by the Board of Health) show that the average temperature among chestnuts while they are being roasted with the cover on the pan is about 150 degrees Fahrenheit. This heat is sufficiently high to destroy the disease germs in the chestnuts. The heat is also high enough to destroy the germs in the chestnuts after the cover has been removed and they are being kept warm in the open pan, exposed to dust germs, show that the temperature runs between 100 degrees and 104 degrees Fahrenheit.

This is just about the right temperature to make sure that germs which come in from the street air will be quickly multiplied. To add on more favorable circumstances, the chestnut vender is in the habit of serving the warm chestnuts in the open pan, exposed to dust germs, show that the temperature runs between 100 degrees and 104 degrees Fahrenheit.

Puts the Cover on His Pan and Stirs Up His Fire He Produces a Heat That Averages 180 Degrees F.—Which Thoroughly Sterilizes the Germs.



Cultures of Dust Germs From the Street Air, Taken in Different Places in New York City. (From Dr. Prudden's "Dust and Its Dangers.")

Ball ground, Central Park. A moderate westerly wind bringing dust over from Eighth avenue.

Union Square. At the edge of the fountain basin.

The library of a private house not far from Thirty-fourth street and Broadway.

A large retail dry goods store on one of the uptown cross streets near Broadway during a busy day.

Railing of the small park at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street.

A cross street through which the carts of the Street Cleaning Department were collecting dirt.

medium which, under the right conditions of temperature and so on, are nutrient for germs; a medium congenial for germs to grow and thrive and multiply in. Then this medium, with its implanted germs, is put into the incubator, a container consisting in principle of an incubating chamber which may be opened at the top. This incubating chamber is enveloped in a water chestnut medium.

Some of the western rivers will carry more than the average quantity of water during the early Spring months, and possibly in late Winter.

Winair lightning and thunder will be experienced during all the mid-Winter and Spring months, and in places these phenomena will be very severe. An electrical storm with snowfall will not be improbable in many of the Middle and Western States, but in most of these cases the weather will turn warmer instead of colder, as we usually notice after Winter electrical displays.

We shall frequently read of snakes being found in many localities, and the proverbial groundhog will run much of the time throughout a great part of the country. It will be an excellent Winter for capturing all kinds of fur-bearing animals.

Rural roads will be bad in many places, owing to the Fall rains and lack of freezing weather. In many other parts of the country there will be splendid highways and many localities, and the time during a greater part of the Winter. The fine Autumn weather which has been general throughout most of the land, with the exception of a few sharp snaps, such as we have already had in

the West, will continue well toward the first of the year.

The caterpillar, which has been our guest in the past, is acting curiously this year. The first ones pointed to a long and severe Winter, but these, which were very few in number and were to be seen quite early, have all disappeared.

Now we find caterpillars verily some what in different localities.

In a vast territory, including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and part of the Eastern States, the caterpillar indicates a cold snap at the beginning of Winter, but followed by a warm weather, with abundant snow at the close of the Winter months and in the early Spring.

The dark markings on the back of the caterpillar indicate intensity of cold, while the lighter or broken portions indicate the mild or open weather period.

An inquiry directed to the writer last Autumn brought out the fact that caterpillars are not marked the same throughout the entire country.

Another fact, revealed by diligent inquiry is that where the caterpillars were marked to indicate a certain condition last season, this particular locality had what was forecasted by the caterpillars.

This is if it is found in some section the marking indicate cold in mid-Winter—that is, if the caterpillar is about way along the back of the caterpillar—look out for that sort of weather just there.

In Tennessee one Winter there were low temperatures than were reported in most sections of Ohio, and inquiry developed the fact that the caterpillar was marked to indicate just what was experienced in that part of the country—that is, if the caterpillar is about great Britain. (Revised.)

medium which, under the right conditions of temperature and so on, are nutrient for germs; a medium congenial for germs to grow and thrive and multiply in. Then this medium, with its implanted germs, is put into the incubator, a container consisting in principle of an incubating chamber which may be opened at the top. This incubating chamber is enveloped in a water chestnut medium.

Some of the western rivers will carry more than the average quantity of water during the early Spring months, and possibly in late Winter.

Winair lightning and thunder will be experienced during all the mid-Winter and Spring months, and in places these phenomena will be very severe. An electrical storm with snowfall will not be improbable in many of the Middle and Western States, but in most of these cases the weather will turn warmer instead of colder, as we usually notice after Winter electrical displays.

We shall frequently read of snakes being found in many localities, and the proverbial groundhog will run much of the time throughout a great part of the country. It will be an excellent Winter for capturing all kinds of fur-bearing animals.

Rural roads will be bad in many places, owing to the Fall rains and lack of freezing weather. In many other parts of the country there will be splendid highways and many localities, and the time during a greater part of the Winter. The fine Autumn weather which has been general throughout most of the land, with the exception of a few sharp snaps, such as we have already had in

the West, will continue well toward the first of the year.

The caterpillar, which has been our guest in the past, is acting curiously this year. The first ones pointed to a long and severe Winter, but these, which were very few in number and were to be seen quite early, have all disappeared.

Now we find caterpillars verily some what in different localities.

In a vast territory, including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and part of the Eastern States, the caterpillar indicates a cold snap at the beginning of Winter, but followed by a warm weather, with abundant snow at the close of the Winter months and in the early Spring.

The dark markings on the back of the caterpillar indicate intensity of cold, while the lighter or broken portions indicate the mild or open weather period.

An inquiry directed to the writer last Autumn brought out the fact that caterpillars are not marked the same throughout the entire country.

ber, and there is provision for a same beneath, with a thermometer attachment to indicate the degree of temperature one desires to attain. The cultures are maintained generally at the temperature of the human body, 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, and kept in the incubator for from ten to twenty-four hours, according to the known rapidity of growth of the species of germ that is being studied.

But are there germs in dust? Dr. Prudden, in his "Dust and Its Dangers," has investigated New York street air very thoroughly. If you looked as particles of street dust under the microscope here are some of the things you would observe: The germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, influenza, abscess and so forth; also yeasts, mold, fungi, plasmas, iron rust, stone dust, lead, cement from building operations, dirt from excavations or from badly constructed pavements, plant fibres, pollen, fine hairs, dried garbage blown from barrels and cans, chimney soot, cinder and other material from industrial plants, cloth and other fabric fibres, ground flies and other insects, excrement of dogs, horses and other animals, and, well, and so forth.

How germ-conveying a dirty atmosphere can be is impressed upon those who have seen the series of nutrient plates which were exposed by Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury some years ago in the metropolis. These series were in pairs—the before and after idea. One such pair would represent atmospheric conditions in a dense, crowded neighborhood, where the sanitary conditions were by comparison poor; its companion plate, exposed under precisely identical conditions, would represent a cleaner and more salubrious part of town. Here is such a pair of plates. The one leaves with mold fungi, germs, every kind of impurity offensive to decency and deleterious to health, the other is almost absolutely free of such civic uncleanliness.

Nor are only the germs in dust dangerous to health; there are noxious dusts which, when inhaled, contain irregular and jagged particles, such as the microscopic particles of the upper air passages, and thus to predispose those who inhale them to the attack and to induce the inflammation characteristic of such given infection. Or dust will be harmful by reason of its chemical properties, such as obtain in industries where lead, arsenic, zinc, phosphorus, mercury and silica dusts are used.

Nor is the human breathing apparatus then saved, inspired dust finds its way not into the lungs, but into the trachea, where it is held by the mucous membranes of the nose and throat, and this dust-laden secretion is then swallowed. Insoluble particles are eliminated in the process of digestion, while the soluble ones are absorbed in such amount that chronic intoxication of organs and tissues are likely to be developed.

When you buy chestnuts buy them hot and eat. In the chestnut man's pan the cover on his roaster and stir up his fire. If the chestnuts are so hot that they are rare unbearable to your fingers, then they are hot enough to kill the germs.

What Sort of Weather We May Expect This Winter

By John T. Timmons,
The Famous Student of Weather
Conditions.

SEISMIC disturbances lead us to predict a rather severe Winter in the North, and especially the northwestern part of North America. This cold weather will come in across the North Pacific with such rapidity and severity at times that it will appear as if that section in betwix completely wrapped in snow and ice. At the same time, elements in more southern latitudes will be creating intense, low barometric pressures, which will rush northward and show the cold waves off north of the United States.

There will be intense atmospheric disturbances in the Southern Hemisphere, more especially after the days begin to lengthen. Some of these disturbances will be so marked as to cause considerable commotion about the Equator, and even much north of that line.

Our Atlantic coast will be swept by several severe storms, but the cold will not follow so audaciously or with such low temperatures as is usually the case in Winter, when sea storms sweep in upon the land.

Sharply outlined but very marked warm waves will shoot northward clear into Canada several times during the mid-Winter months, carrying Summer temperatures which will make the average Winter temperature much higher than it normally is.

Bulky waves of intense moisture will spread over the land quite frequently, causing heavy fogs and much sickness, such as we have already had in

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company

New Things Every Woman Ought to Know

My Secrets of Beauty

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

THAT woman is unfortunate who, no matter how beautiful her face, has no lower arms and shoulders. How to develop them if she has them not is my theme today.

Of no part of the body is it quite as true that curves are the lines of beauty as it is of the arms and shoulders. A lovely woman in an evening gown always reminds me of a beautiful bouquet rising out of a vase. The woman's head and shoulders and arms are the flowers, the gown and the rest of her body the vase.

Fancy a bouquet with one fresh purple pansy in the centre and all about it withered yellow flowers! It is not a pleasant picture even in fancy, but that is precisely how the woman with a charming face and unlovely arms and shoulders looks.

Beautiful shoulders must, first of all, be symmetrical shoulders. They must be just broad enough to balance nicely the figure. If the figure which they surmount be

slender, the shoulders should be slender. But they should never be thin.

For beauty's sake they must be soft, not muscular. They must be overlaid with a veiling of thin flesh. These must slope gently from the lines of the arms and not hang back by almost imperceptible lines. While they are plump in front, they should be thin at the back. A roll of flesh between the shoulder blades is unsightly and gives the appearance of age.

After slimness of the shoulders, the most important comes white-ness. Shoulders well cared for should be the whitest part of a woman's body.

A third important element in beauty of shoulders is the texture of the skin. It should be of satin smoothness.

To attain shapely shoulders begin with the chest. The woman with a high chest always has beautifully shaped shoulders. Form the habit of breathing deeply.

A shopgirl in one of our department stores has so fine a development that she should be asked her how she achieved it. Her figure was so slender that I knew she must have built up her shoulders and the chest by some wing system of exercise.

"Yes, haven't I done that?"



Lina Cavalieri

answered, "Two years ago I was the scrawniest thing you ever saw. My neck and shoulders looked like a scapula that had tumbled over itself. I was all sharp corners. I heard of this deep breathing, and I tried it."

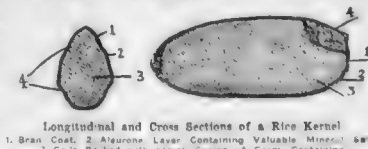
"Most of it I did on the platform forms of the elevated trains. Winter and Summer I rode downtown from Harlem to work, and instead of sitting in the car I stood on the platform."

"At first it made me tired, but after I got used to it I began to look forward to feeling the clear cool air rush through my lungs. Now, it is the best relief of the day. Since I would have got lazy and not kept it up, but I saw the flesh beginning to pad all the corners of my neck and shoulders. My chest had its careful look. You just bet that deep breathing pays."

"Deep breathing does pay. It pays a large dividend in health and beauty."

Healthful, Delicious and Economical NEW WAYS OF COOKING RICE

RICE is a staple food in many parts of the world. It is a healthful, delicious and economical food. It can be cooked in many different ways, and it is a versatile food. It can be served as a main dish, or as a side dish. It can be cooked in a variety of ways, and it is a versatile food.



Longitudinal and Cross Sections of a Rice Kernel

1. Bran Coat, 2. Aleurone Layer, Containing Valuable Mineral Salts, 3. Cells Packed with Starch Grains, 4. Germ, Containing Fat and Mineral Matter.

One frequently notes the statement that when potatoes are high in price, rice is low. But see how true this is. Potatoes have an average food value of 100 but rice has a food value of 1000. This is because rice is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

Science has found that rice is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

It is a more complete food than potatoes. It contains more protein, more fat, and more minerals than potatoes. It is a more complete food than potatoes.

Don't Be Afraid of Onions

EIGHT persons out of every ten eat too much, and consequently die too early. Nine persons out of every ten eat too much meat, and as a result suffer in health and pocket. And nowadays ten persons out of every ten for financial, if not for hygienic, reasons would like to find a substitute for meat. Onions, science has discovered, are one of the most satisfactory substitutes for meat from the standpoint both of health and of economy. They cost only one-fifth to one-sixth what meat does, and a pound of them, when properly cooked, supplies the body as much nutritive value as a pound of meat. One or two-thirds pounds of the best meat. In other words, you have to spend about two dollars for meat in order to get food value equal to what is found in 3 cents' worth of onions.

Some dietetic experts believe that onions have a pronounced medicinal value, and that persons who eat them regularly are less liable to infectious diseases. There is no doubt whatever of the excellent effect which onions have upon the complexion.

Onions are at their best when boiled whole in milk, or when steamed. When prepared in either of these ways and eaten with bread and butter and cheese they make a satisfying and nutritious meal on which you can do brain work or manual labor.

Many persons object to onions because of the odor they impart to the breath. There is a way of avoiding this. After eating onions, you have to spend about two dollars for meat in order to get food value equal to what is found in 3 cents' worth of onions.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

To Stop a Squeak. If your porch swing squeaks take the fingers from an old leather glove and slip one over each hook before putting on the chains.

To Make Floors Shine. This short end of candle melted and mixed with equal parts of turpentine makes a fine polish for hardwood floors.

Vinegar for Colored Clothes. A CUPFUL of vinegar added to the water in which colored clothes are washed will often prevent the color from running.

A Cure for Toothache. If the aching tooth is hollow, fill the cavity with absorbent cotton saturated with vasoline and dipped in burnt oil.

AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS

THE Winter models are as usually distinctive in style. Short, wide skirts, low collars, revers and vest effects are attractive, popular features of the season's fashions.

and meet a jaunty, flaring collar. The pattern has a new shape cut. The pattern is cut in six sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the waist and 3 1/2 yards for the skirt for a medium size.

A Graceful, Stylish Model. The dress pattern is full at the top and fitted at the bottom. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

upper edge and are joined by a full skirt. The pattern is full at the top and fitted at the bottom. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The pattern is full at the top and fitted at the bottom. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The pattern is full at the top and fitted at the bottom. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1542. Costume for Misses and Small Women. The long sleeve has a straight cut, with pointed over-cuff, and the sleeve length is finished with a shaped turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in three sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a skirt and 2 1/2 yards for a waist.

No. 1544. Lady's House Dress. The pattern is cut in six sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a skirt and 2 1/2 yards for a waist.

No. 1546. A Very Becoming and Comfortable Lounging Robe. The pattern is cut in six sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1548. A New and Practical Skirt Model. The pattern is cut in six sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1550. A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. A new model in a simple style. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1552. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1554. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1556. A Stylish, Up-to-Date Model. The fronts are open at the throat. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1558. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1560. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1562. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1564. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1566. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1568. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1570. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1572. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1574. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1576. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1578. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1580. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1582. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1584. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1586. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1588. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1590. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1592. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1594. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1596. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1598. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1600. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1602. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1604. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1606. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1608. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1610. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1612. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1614. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1616. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1618. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1620. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1622. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

No. 1624. A New Model in Over Buss Style. The skirt is full and the waist is fitted. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

HEARST'S MAGAZINE,
110 West 40th St., New York.

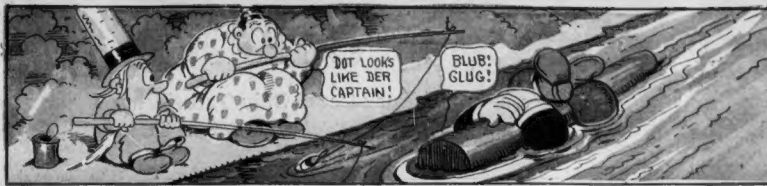
Gentlemen:—I want to read
the Rex Beach new novel. For
the 50 cents enclosed send me
Hearst's Magazine for the next
five months.

Name

Street

City

State



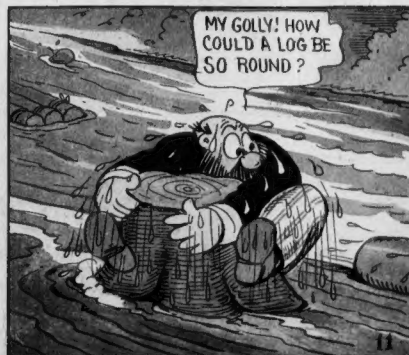
COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

December 5, 1915

Copyright, 1915, by Hearst Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Original Katzenjammer Kids

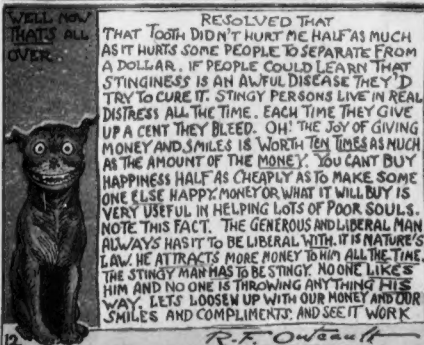
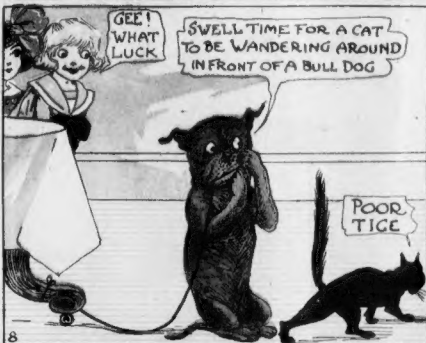
Registered U. S. Patent Office.







Well, Anyway, It Came Out!



RESOLVED THAT THAT TOOTH DIDN'T HURT ME HALF AS MUCH AS IT HURTS SOME PEOPLE TO SEPARATE FROM A DOLLAR. IF PEOPLE COULD LEARN THAT STINGINESS IS AN AWFUL DISEASE THEY'D TRY TO CURE IT. STINGY PERSONS LIVE IN REAL DISTRESS ALL THE TIME. EACH TIME THEY GIVE UP A CENT THEY BLEED. OH! THE JOY OF GIVING MONEY AND SMILES IS WORTH TEN TIMES AS MUCH AS THE AMOUNT OF THE MONEY. YOU CANT BUY HAPPINESS HALF AS CHEAPLY AS TO MAKE SOME ONE ELSE HAPPY. MONEY OR WHAT IT WILL BUY IS VERY USEFUL IN HELPING LOTS OF POOR SOULS. NOTE THIS FACT. THE GENEROUS AND LIBERAL MAN ALWAYS HAS IT TO BE LIBERAL WITH. IT IS NATURE'S LAW. HE ATTRACTS MORE MONEY TO HIM ALL THE TIME. THE STINGY MAN HAS TO BE STINGY. NO ONE LIKES HIM AND NO ONE IS THROWING ANYTHING HIS WAY. LETS LOOSEN UP WITH OUR MONEY AND OUR SMILES AND COMPLIMENTS. AND SEE IT WORK

R.F. OUTBANK



THEIR ONLY CHILD!

With the Assistance of His Old Friend Opper, Mr. Newlywed Tries to Shoe Maud

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

